



THE YOUNG MISSIONARY

ANNIE K. DOWNIE

ILLUSTRATED

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The young missionary





# THE YOUNG MISSIONARY







Annie Kennard Downie



The  
**Young Missionary**

The Story of the  
**Life of Annie Kennard Downie**

*By HER MOTHER*



*PHILADELPHIA*  
**American Baptist Publication Society**

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## PREFACE

IF any one thinks that the romance of missions has departed, let him read the life of Irene V. Petrie, of Cashmere, a young honorary missionary of the Church Missionary Society of England. The story of this gifted young lady's life and labors in Cashmere is one of the most deeply interesting and thrilling biographies we have ever read. Well-born, with a host of friends among the best people in England, artistic, musical, and cultured, she gave up all the pleasures of a refined life in London, and went to the mission field out of pure love to God and because her heart yearned over her dark-skinned sisters in India.

In reading the story of this beautiful life, we have constantly been reminded of another girl, the story of whose life seems to us eminently worthy of being recorded, not simply as an illustration of a consecrated missionary life, but as an inspiration and incentive to other young women to devote themselves to the same blessed work.

In the preface of Miss Petrie's biography there is a striking illustration of how a young life may be blasted for want of a proper motive at the outset. A young Russian girl, well-born, attractive,

## Preface

gifted, ambitious and successful as a musician and artist wrote her autobiography. In the beginning she frankly confessed that in setting out in life her most earnest prayer was: "O God, grant me happiness, make my life what I should like it to be." But she died early and left this testimony behind her: "I am so unhappy, all is wretchedness and misery; I don't know whether there is a God or not." If, as Irene Petrie and Annie Downie did, she had given her life at the beginning to God's keeping and sought the happiness of others, rather than her own, her life would have been holier and happier, and others would not have had to turn from the record with such pity and sorrow.

A. H. D.

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# THE YOUNG MISSIONARY

## CHAPTER I

### CHILD LIFE IN INDIA

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars for evermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here has spurn'd,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue ;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

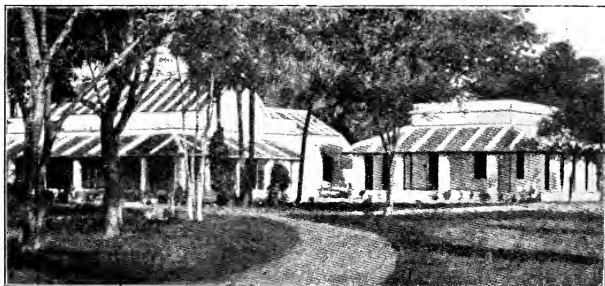
N the southeastern part of India, thirty-five miles north of the large city of Madras, begins the Telugu country. Nellore, the chief town of the district of that name, is situated on the Penaar River, one hundred and eight miles north of Madras and sixteen miles inland from the Bay of Bengal. It is a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, and is well known to the Baptists of the United States of America, as the original station of the famous Telugu mission, which was called "The Lone Star."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See "The Lone Star. The History of the Telugu Mission of the American Baptist Missionary Union," by David Downie, D. D., Missionary at Nellore. American Baptist Publication Society.

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The mission compound is situated half a mile from the river and near the great Northern Trunk Road. The mission bungalow was built in 1840, by Rev. Samuel S. Day, the founder of the mission, and here Annie Kennard Downie was born, April 30, 1875.

The Telugus are very fond of children and the rejoicing was sincere when the little one came.



THE MISSION HOUSE, NELLORE

Some would have preferred a boy, for boys are considered "a heritage from the Lord," but there had been no children for so long in the big house, they were glad to welcome even a girl. Old Lydia, one of the Bible women, came to the bungalow and said in her impressive way: "We were thankful when a mother came to us, but we are still more thankful now that we have a sister too, for lonely is the house without a child."

Annie was dedicated to the Lord from her birth and was carefully taught his word, so it was not

## Child Life in India

at all strange to us that she should early give herself to him and that her life should be consecrated to his service.

She had her share of infantile troubles. When only eight months old she had an attack of fever, ushered in by strong convulsions. After several weeks of suffering, when hope seemed in vain, we surrendered her absolutely to God and were able to say: "Thy will, not ours, be done." Immediately the disease was stayed and we always felt sure that God had restored her to health because he had some work for her to do. When able to be carried around the house she seemed full of gladness at being alive and she would beam on us and laugh, until all in the house were infected by her mirth. All through her life she kept that laughing countenance.

The life of an English or American child in India is very different from what it would be in its own country. There cannot be the same freedom in play out of doors, for the sun is a deadly enemy, and the children must stay a good deal in semi-darkened rooms, going out only in the early morning or after four in the afternoon. Then, indoors, are centipedes and scorpions with occasional snakes, some of them very deadly; so the children cannot be left alone day or night, and when not with their parents must have an attendant near.

We were fortunate in securing a good Christian

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woman as *ayah*, or nurse. She had had nine children of her own and gave a mother's care to those entrusted to her. As Annie grew older Janet kept her from coming in contact with the evil that is all around in a tropical country, and taught her many a Bible story. The child loved her *ayah* dearly and when she was with her we felt no anxiety.

When Annie was twenty-three months old a little sister came to share our affections. We were anxious that there should be no jealousy on the part of the elder sister, so her father said: "There is a little baby in here; it is Annie's baby. Come see it!" The tot understood her father to say "birdie" and was immediately interested. She ran to the basket where the infant of a few hours lay and pulled herself up so that she could peer over the edge, calling out: "Tahtu, tahtu, Annie got tahtu?" This was her name for bird, and for years after the pet name of the second daughter was "Tahtu."

Before the sister was a month old Annie went with her father to the Hills, as his health had given out. There an attack of sickness again brought her to death's door. She was so reduced by this illness that she had to learn again how to walk.

She early developed a love of nature and was always finding and cherishing queer creatures. When three years old, we were spending a few weeks on Udayagiri Droog, a hill three thousand

## Child Life in India

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feet high, sixty miles west of Nellore. Here she ran about among the rocks most of the day and her pockets were usually full of slugs and beetles. Sometimes she would lay in our hand a queer beetle with a horny back that would roll into a ball when touched. She never hurt anything that had life and loved to have pets near her.

The schoolboys in Nellore appreciated this love for pets and were constantly bringing her baby squirrels, young parrots, and mina birds. Among the pets that she had at various times were guinea pigs, white rabbits, and antelopes. But it is hard to keep pets in India and many a tear was shed when some loved animal fell a prey to some treacherous rat or cat, to a pariah dog, or to disease.

The Rajah of Venkatagiri came into town once with his eight elephants. They paraded the streets and one came into our compound. Annie was delighted with the way the huge creature salaamed with its trunk, knelt down and rose at the word of command, and begged for fruit, and her heart was at once set on possessing one for a pet. Not long after, when starting for Madras, we asked her what we should bring her. Without a moment's hesitation she said: "A baby elephant." On our return we gave her a toy elephant which was received with a burst of tears. When asked what was the matter, she sobbed out, "I wanted a live baby elephant."

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She loved all out-doors and learned the names of the trees and flowers. She spent many happy hours in the garden chattering to the gardener, coming in with her hands full of the sweet cork tree or orange blossoms which she would string into garlands for her hair and neck. This love of nature followed her through life. "I always connect trailing arbutus with Annie," writes her aunt, "because when we came across it one day at Belmar, she threw herself down on the earth in a loving embrace, exclaiming, 'Oh, the Mayflower, the Mayflower!'" Her uncle also tells of a time when walking with him in Brooklyn Park she seemed to know every tree and once threw her arms right around one which appeared to be a special favorite.

Her nature was very sensitive. Even as a child she dreaded a rebuke and a sharp word would bring tears to her eyes in a moment. As she tried to do what was right she seldom had to be rebuked and still more seldom punished. Occasionally it was necessary to chide her for some childish burst of temper or for failing to share her playthings, but all that was needed was a quiet suggestion to go find some other mother, that her mother did not like little girls who acted in that way. She would at once cry and say, "Please be my mother, I don't want any other mother, I'll be good." At times when she felt we were displeased with her, she

## Child Life in India

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would kneel behind a door and ask God to forgive her, then coming to us would say, "God has forgiven me, now won't you forgive me too?" She thus early learned to take her troubles to the Lord.

She was fond of books at an early age and though she did not begin lessons before she went to America, yet she learned her letters from the *ayah* and her blocks and could read easy books before she was seven. She loved to be read to, her favorites being "Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," and "Little Pillows." When we were too busy to read to her, which was often the case, she would ask the *ayah* or Julia to read to her. The "children's hour" was at noon when the house was still and they were ready for the daily nap. Many a beautiful Bible tale or child's book from America was read to the eager little listeners before they could be quieted down and the eyelids close over the bright eyes.

Annie was a help in mission work. When we went out into camp taking the two little girls, the heathen women would come to the tent to see the "white babies" and we have heard Annie talking to them telling why her parents had come to India and about the Jesus they preached. Once, after a wearisome day, when we were sitting quietly inside the tent, Annie came, saying: "Some women have come, mamma, come and talk to them." "Mamma is very tired, dear, she cannot come

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now," was the answer. "Yes, but mamma they have come, and some one *must* talk to them," persisted the child. "Well, you go, dear, you and *ayah* may talk to them," the tired mother replied. So back she went and the women heard and went away wondering at the fair-haired girl who could speak such good Telugu.

On the bungalow veranda, one evening, we heard an earnest voice and found that it was Annie talking to the punkah man, for she came saying gleefully, "Why, mamma, Lukshmiah knows about Jesus, he must be good!" She used to talk to the tailor too, about God and heaven. To a remark of his about not being able to see God, she said: "Do you see those trees moving, Manakum? It is the wind moves them, but you can't see the wind. God is here, Manakum, but we cannot see him."

In 1882 we decided to take our furlough home. Annie was nearly seven and there were three younger sisters. Before our departure, we had the pleasure of dedicating our new church building. Quite a large number of village Christians came in to attend the services and bid us farewell. The services were on Sunday. In the afternoon we celebrated the Lord's Supper. On Monday five couples were married. As most of the brides had been boarding-school girls, we had a merry wedding feast in the girls' school compound, An-



## Child Life in India

nie joining with them, eating rice and curry with her hand as the rest did. On Tuesday we said good-bye to the whole company, many of them accompanying us quite a distance along the road, in true Oriental style.

Thus ended Annie's career as a child in India. She had to leave the home she loved, the dear old *ayah*, the dusky playmates who called her sister and go to a new country and to strange people.

Poor old Janet was almost heart-broken at losing her dear children. She remained in the bungalow to look after the little one belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Burditt, who were to take charge



"EAST AND WEST"

of the work during our absence. But the night of the day we left, she did not go to bed at all, her grief was so great. She stood out on the veranda, gazing in the direction her little brood had gone, mourning for the two she never expected to see again on earth.

"Light and shade, by turns, remembrance always."

## CHAPTER II

### CHILD LIFE IN AMERICA

And we shall see the while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me ;  
How when we called, he heeded not our cry,  
Because his wisdom to the end could see,  
And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.



WHEN we traveled from Madras to Nellore in 1873, it took us five weary nights, in a bullock cart without springs, to accomplish the distance. We traveled at night, because, though it was December, the sun was too hot to allow day travel. When we made the return journey in 1882, it was on the East Coast Canal, which had been completed as a "relief work" during the dreadful famine of 1876 to 1878. The canal basin was fifteen miles from Nellore, and we rode that distance in a conveyance drawn by coolies, at the rate of five miles an hour, our "Pull-man express," as we called it.

Travel on a canal, if slow, is very restful, and we enjoyed the quiet gliding of the top-boat after

## Child Life in America

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all the excitement of the preceding days. The children were always happy when traveling, but on this occasion they were somewhat sad because "poor *ayah*" had been left behind.

After a few days in Madras, we sailed April 16, on the "India," of the British India Line. There were eight in our party. We brought with us from Nellore, Seetama, a Telugu girl who had been in our family from the time Annie was a baby. All the children were fond of her. She went to help on the voyage and go to school in America. In Madras we were joined by Finette, the youngest daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Jewett. Annie was very fond of Nettie, and we considered her quite an acquisition to the party.

Our English friends, the Nellore collector and family, were on the steamer with us. Their two girls had been playmates of Annie and Minnie, and the four enjoyed themselves day by day, playing as happily as though they were on land and in their own homes. Annie's seventh birthday occurred while on the steamer and she was made happy by some nice presents, provided in anticipation of the day.

When we reached London we rather expected the girls to be impressed with the size of the great city, but to our surprise, both took everything as a matter of course, and expressed no astonishment. However, on Sunday we attended Spurgeon's

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tabernacle, and when the great doors were thrown open and the crowds came in, one of them asked if *all* of London came to that church.

Annie had always claimed that she was an American Indian, for, said she, "My papa and mamma are Americans, therefore I am an American, and I was born in India, therefore I am an Indian." We took her to the Crystal Palace and in the ethnological department we saw a group of American Indians in their rudeness and squalor near their wigwams. She stood for a while looking intently at the group and then said, "I'll not be an American Indian any more."

On our arrival among friends Annie soon became accustomed to the new mode of life and fell readily into American ways. She enjoyed going to a kindergarten and learned very readily. Both girls were very shy about talking Telugu, which they spoke fluently. Annie said to us one day, "People always laugh when we talk Telugu and we don't like to be laughed at." The only thing she was willing to do was occasionally to sing a Telugu hymn, and even that was a great cross to the sensitive child.

During the first winter at home she was taken ill with scarlet fever and had to be isolated from all. Instead of grumbling at being in bed she said gleefully, "I don't mind being sick mother, because I can have you all to myself." And

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mother and daughter had some precious hours together during the illness and convalescence.

The pleasure of the two years at home was shadowed by the thought of the coming separation. Annie was old enough to understand the necessity for it, but she dreaded the time to come almost as much as we did.

During the last few months of our stay, there were meetings in various churches and requests for the two girls to be present, that the ladies might see them and so feel an interest in them when they were alone in the land. Annie always shrank from the publicity of the meetings. Once, in the Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, the girls were present, dressed in Telugu costume and while their mother was making an address, some one lifted them up where they could be seen by all the ladies present. As the mother spoke of the coming trial and asked the prayers of those present for her children, some of the ladies noticed the tears rolling down Annie's face. Minnie, by her side, noticed them too, and taking her little handkerchief she wiped away her sister's tears. It was a pathetic sight. Some remembered the scene and spoke of it years after when we were again home on furlough.

The time for our second journey to India drew near, and early in July we took the two girls to Boston, Mass., and left them in the Home for Mis-

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sionaries' Children, in Newton Centre. It was a sad parting for all, but the little sisters who returned seemed to feel it even more than those left behind. For months the burden of dear Elsie's cry was: "I want my Annie and Minnie." Even tiny Alice, two years old, would look into the faces of those who took notice of her and say: "I left my Annie in Newton Centre." As for ourselves, it seemed as though part of our very lives had been cut out and left behind.

Annie stayed in the home from 1884 to 1890. Her life there was a very happy one and she developed rapidly. Her letters to India used to be full of the pleasures of school and home life. The children lived much in the open air; they had trips into the woods, boating on the pond, and enjoyed tennis and other healthful games in the garden. Birthdays and holidays were always kept, and the children were well remembered by relatives and friends on all such occasions.

Annie's letters were often written on Sunday, and as she grew older she generally sent a digest of the sermon, and we used to wonder, sometimes, at the clear way in which she put down the salient points and the amount she remembered of what the minister had said. It was only the beginning of the way her mind worked later on. In school she absorbed knowledge naturally, and was always far up in her classes. It was a pleasure to her to

## Child Life in America

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study, and though fond of play, she never neglected her lessons.

At ten years of age she requested admission to the church. When giving her experience she dated her first thoughts of God and love for him to six years of age, when in Nellore. With her, though, there was no precise time when she could say her sins had been forgiven, for as soon as she understood the difference between right and wrong she chose the right, and her heart ever seemed to turn to the Lord in love.

After uniting with the church she was always a prominent worker, ready to take her part in meeting and anxious to be in her place whether the weather was propitious or not. Both Doctor Braislin and Doctor Barnes who followed him as pastor of the Newton Centre Baptist Church, frequently said that they gathered no little inspiration from the earnest faces that were raised to them from the row of children belonging to the home. Doctor Barnes, in noticing Annie's call "*home,*" writes: "Annie was an inspiration, as a child, in the church life at Newton Centre. In our meeting, the other evening, I told our people about the two bright-eyed girls who sat near the front, in the prayer meetings at Newton Centre, and were a cheer to the pastor. I am sure that Annie has brought gladness into the assemblies of heaven. Our loss is not only her gain but also their gain. It is wonderful to

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know that, as much as she was needed in India, she was needed still more in heaven."

In 1888 the first great sorrow in the lives of the Downie girls came with the news of the death of the sister, Elsie, in India. Annie, particularly, felt the blow keenly, for Elsie had become able to write letters to her sisters, and had made little presents to send across the waters to them. A letter from Annie to Elsie, before the latter was taken ill, told of some nice times they were having in Newton Centre, and the wish was expressed that her sister could be there too. After reading the letter aloud, Elsie grew very quiet and finally said: "Yes, it would be very nice to be in America, but heaven is a much nicer place, I'd rather go to heaven." A little later she said to a playmate: "Daisy, I'll never go to America, I'll die in Coonoor or Madras or Nellore, but you'll see, I'll never go to America." "Don't you want to go to America?" Daisy asked. "I'd rather go to heaven," Elsie answered. "I'll see grandma and my sisters in heaven. I am going to heaven, Daisy, and I want you to come and see the angels too. Oh, I want to go this minute."

This testimony of dear Elsie as to her readiness and desire for the last change affected Annie much, and she confessed afterward that her great longing was to be as ready as her sister was, if her call came soon.



## Child Life in America

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The old *ayah* was spared the sorrow of losing one of her children, for she had been called to her heavenly home the year before. During her long illness Elsie and Alice visited her daily. Elsie would talk to her about going to heaven, of the beauties of the place, and how Jesus would never let her have any more pain or trouble. As the faithful old servant drew near her end she spoke lovingly of the two in America, and desired some strings of gold beads sent to them after her death, because they had loved to play with them, and Annie had so often worn them.

The stress of mission work and the sorrow that had come into the home in Nellore, had told on the mother's health and a change was deemed necessary. Accordingly, she and Alice turned their faces to the West early in 1890, leaving the husband and father behind, as the work did not permit him to take a furlough then.

The separation of husband and wife is even harder to bear than that of parents from children, but the Lord helped in that, as he does in every trial that comes to his children. We need the discipline that comes from the disarranging of our plans, and we have proved by experience that the Lord is never nearer and dearer than when bringing us into the shadows for our good.

“ May your life have just enough of the shadow to temper the glare of the sun.”

## CHAPTER III

### A RE-UNITED FAMILY

And if sometime, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,  
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.



IX years had passed since Annie and Minnie Downie had seen their mother and baby sister, and great was the rejoicing when word came that they were on the way home. The girls planned to go into Boston to meet the ship, but as it arrived before the expected time, the travelers reached Newton Centre and drove up to the door of the home by themselves. The mother's feelings, when two large, strange-looking girls came running out to greet her, can better be imagined than expressed. It took some time for her to realize they were really the two little girls she had left six years before.

Readville is a suburb of Hyde Park, and near enough to Boston to allow of frequent trips on business or pleasure. "Blue Hill," with the New

## A Re=united Family

England Observatory on top, is quite near, and the place has some national notoriety as being the Massachusetts camping ground during the Civil War. Here a home for the family re-united was secured which was pleasantly situated with the old camping ground in front, and a large pond full of water-lilies at their back.

We have always considered the two years spent in Readville, as among the happiest in the lives of the two girls. There was a choice circle of young people, with something always on hand in which all were interested. There were woods all around, full of the wild flowers that Annie loved; skating, sledding, and snowballing in winter, with pleasant evenings when the young people gathered together to practise for some entertainment or to amuse themselves with music and games. In all the goings-on, Annie was usually the foremost one, planning for one thing after another, and helping to carry out all the arrangements with method and precision. Her vitality seemed unlimited and her powers of endurance very great. She never seemed tired. Her daily studies, painting, violin lessons, and practice, took a deal of her time, but she always managed so that there was time left for the meetings, for private devotions, and for the innocent pleasures the quiet country place afforded.

There was no Baptist church in Readville, but there was a union enterprise with a pretty little

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chapel, and to that Annie gave her support and presence, and no matter how inclement the weather, her place was always filled. She helped in the Sunday-school, in the various religious meetings, and endeared herself to all the elders by her brightness and readiness to undertake any work assigned to her. She is credited with having inspired the organization of the Y. P. S. C. E., and was one of its most enthusiastic members. She also took a prominent part in various missionary meetings.

Early in 1892 we began to look forward to the return of Mr. Downie. He was hardly more than a far-away memory to the two older girls, for they were only nine and seven when he left them eight years before. Had he met them unexpectedly, on his way home, he would hardly have recognized them. He came in May, and though, at first, there was a little constraint between the three, yet that soon wore away, and they became comrades and companions. That summer was an eventful one. As we had been separated for so long a time, we were anxious to spend the vacation in some special way. An excursion to Long Island, Casco Bay, was decided on. There was a delightful night on the ocean from Boston to Portland, Maine, a steam down the lovely bay with its three hundred and sixty-five islands and a walk across Long Island to the ocean side, which was uninhabited except for few scattered fishermen's houses.

## A Re=united Family

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A friend in Portland loaned us an abandoned farmhouse, and there we camped for three weeks. Our bedding was spread on the floor, a table was made out of an old barn door, each had a campstool, and there were just enough dishes to go around. A kerosene stove with its furniture, which had been brought along, and a large box to hold a hundred pounds of ice with corners for milk and butter cans, completed the outfit. We were so used to camp life in India that we could readily adapt ourselves to our surroundings and enjoy all thoroughly.

The days were usually spent out on the rocks where the ocean came tumbling in, fishing for "cunners," or with some of the fishermen in their boats, trying for other fish in the deep ocean. The fish caught were cleaned, cooked, and eaten with the best of all relishes—hunger.

Annie's talent for painting was of use here. She took several sketches of our camp and the ocean and made the "captain," who had been very kind, lending his boat and bringing us crabs and lobsters, very happy, by giving him a very clever water-color painting of his house.

In the fall of 1892, the pleasant home was broken up and we removed to West Chester, Pa., near our home city of Philadelphia. Here the two eldest girls entered the State Normal School as boarders. The rest of us took rooms near so that we could all be together part of each day.

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It had been decided that all five of us would return to India, if the Lord opened the way. So Annie took only elective studies for the year, a complete course in chemistry, a few English branches, Greek New Testament, violin and vocal culture. It was quite a change from a public to a boarding school, but she entered upon the life there with her usual energy and before long was a favorite with her teachers and stood high in her classes. It was characteristic of her, that she threw her whole self into whatever she was doing. Writing of this later on, Mrs. Philips, the principal's wife, said: "None of us, I feel sure, realized Annie's frail nature quite enough. As a young girl, here, I used to remark on her nervous tension in class and although she recited with ease, her whole being was involved."

She made some true friends during the year, whose love cheered her to the end of her days. In her diary she writes in one place: "Isn't God good to give us friends? I mean good, true friends who help us in life and when gone leave a sweet, fragrant memory behind." At the end of the school year the way opened for the return of us all to India.

When we went in 1884 and left the two girls behind, some friends said: "How can you leave those dear children and go so far away?" When we decided not to leave either of them we thought all would be pleased. But no, we were met with

## A Re=united Jfamily

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this: "How can you take those young girls away from their friends, from their school life, out to a land where they will have no advantages? How can you blight their lives by not letting them have that which belongs to all young lives?" Our reply was that we felt we were doing the right thing; that what the girls would lose of school life and contact with young people at home, would be made up to them in other ways; that by seeing the work on the field, they would gain for their Christian characters what they might never gain at home, and it was our wish that they should get interested in the salvation of the heathen before they decided as to their life work.

We sailed from New York, August 20, on the "Furnesia," bound for Glasgow. Quite a number of friends came to see us off and wish us "God-speed," as we once more bade farewell to home and friends. For how long? Who could say?

You messengers of God to men  
Now on the deep sea tossing,  
Naught shall you hurt, God shall avert  
The danger of the crossing.  
The ship is safe, with Christ ye sail,  
And ye are bearing orders;  
All places lie beneath one sky,  
Close to the heavenly borders.  
God at the helm, to guide the bark,  
There is no room for error;  
Whom he has sent, should be content,  
Nor yield to doubt or terror.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE RETURN TO INDIA

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends,  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery find a key.



HE journey across the Atlantic was a pleasant one. All of us were good sailors, and Annie enjoyed shipboard life as she enjoyed everything else. When we reached Glasgow we were the guests of Reverend and Mrs. Robarts, spending a few days in their pleasant home seeing the curious old Scotch city. Then the two older girls and their father went through the Trossachs while Alice and her mother visited friends in Edinburgh.

How Annie enjoyed that trip through the mountains! The scenery on the lochs, the rides through the passes on the tops of stagecoaches, the stay at the various queer Scotch inns, all formed subjects for graphic letters home. For us she had some sketches to show and much to tell of the



## The Return to India

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people she had met and the queer things heard. She was delighted with Edinburgh, and our kind hostess, Miss Jeanie Rose, of Hillside Crescent, saw that she had every opportunity of seeing all the historical places and points of interest in the Queen City. So with the rest of the trip. The visit to Melrose Abbey, the journey to London with a stop-over at York to see the fine cathedral, and the ten days in London with the many wonders of that metropolis, were all an education and an inspiration.

On the way to Liverpool we had a rare treat in a visit to Oxford. We lunched with the Dean of Queen's College in his apartments, where we saw many curios and some fine specimens of carvings from France. The dean is a brother of Jas. Grose, Esq., our Nellore collector, with whose family we had been on such friendly terms. After lunch he showed us the various colleges, explaining the merits of the different buildings, giving us an idea of the place that could not have been obtained in so short a visit in any other way.

Only a few days were spent in Liverpool; but we were ready for the second voyage on the "Clan MacIntosh," November fourth, and when the vessel was once under way we breathed a sigh of relief that we were once more headed for home and the work awaiting us there.

Annie was so young when she went to America in 1882 that she remembered but little of the

## The Young Missionary

places on the way, so everything was of interest to her. In her diary she tells of the day in Malta and of the comical sights at Port Said, where she bought a coin bracelet as a souvenir, and quotes the vender's speech: "Real oxidized silver, lady, wid ze head of Rameses, ze great Rameses, and

real Egypt coin from Cairo, lady, v-e-r-y sheap." The searchlight through the canal excited her wonder too, but Colombo came in for the greatest praise of all as it was the first real sight of the tropics.

Madras was reached December ninth, and after a few days' shopping we made the journey to Nellore by rail, as the South India road had been extended that

far. We were right royally welcomed by the schools and native Christians who were rejoiced at having their "parents and sisters" once more among them.

Now began in reality the experiment of bringing three young girls to a climate like that of Southern India, to a station away from the civili-



TEMPLE GATEWAY NEAR NELLORE

## The Return to India

zation of the large centers; away from books and teachers; away from young companionship and all that makes life pleasant to girls just budding into womanhood. Was the experience a success or a failure? Let the record of the next few years answer the question.

Annie at this time was eighteen. She had looked forward to a college career and the breaking up of school life had been hard for her. Yet so sweet was her disposition that she never referred to her disappointment but cheerfully acquiesced in all the new plans. She knew we had prayed much and thought well before deciding upon the step and she determined to do her part fully. Later on she confessed that she felt very unsettled and dissatisfied for over a year, but when she began to see the destitution all around and the great need there was for workers, her unrest left her and she was glad she was among the heathen and could do her share in bringing the Saviour to them.

While at home she had expressed a desire to study medicine and we thought she could enter the Medical College in Madras, but we found that all candidates must first pass the matriculation examination which meant, for her, a year's study. Therefore, soon after reaching Nellore, she procured the necessary books and began to read up the prescribed subjects. In order that her life during this

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year may be brought fully before our readers, we have quoted quite freely from her diary.

January 1, 1894. It seems a long time since I made my last New Year's resolutions. I have gone through so many shifting scenes and have visited so many places. As I look back over the last year, I am discouraged at the thought of unused opportunities, broken resolutions, and failures in my year's record. But it is past, beyond recall, and all I can do now is to turn over a new leaf and pray to be kept in the straight and narrow way of right and duty.

The New Year has begun with pouring rain; I suppose nature is weeping over the death of 1893, a year which to me holds some of the happiest and some of the saddest memories of my life. So with a tear and a sigh I bid '93 good-bye, then turn with hope and a prayer to the joys of '94, which like a book is slowly opening to me.

January 4. To-day is a great day of sacrifice, among the Hindus, to Polaramah, the goddess of smallpox, and oh! such a crowd as gathered at the place of sacrifice. The procession passed our compound with fireworks and torches, bearing in the midst a clay figure of the goddess which the people were about to throw into the river, the rites all being accomplished. They were making most unearthly noises to propitiate the goddess and to frighten away the evil spirits of smallpox and cholera. It is so sad to see their blind superstition and ignorance. They hate this goddess and try to frighten it by hideous dances while they heap execrations upon it.

January 5. It has been a remarkably quiet day even for this remarkably quiet place. This morning and afternoon I have been fixing up my box of clippings from well-known authors. My Telugu lesson passed off better than it has for the past few days. I am beginning to like it very well now, though it is much harder than either Greek or Latin.

January 7. It is no use talking about the weather in this country, for it is not at all like our changeable American weather. When it is dry, it is very dry, and when it is wet it is soaking. I acted as superintendent to the English Sun-

## The Return to India

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day-school in the absence of Miss Faye, and made so many blunders I am ashamed of myself. I forgot to give out the merit cards and lots of things. In the evening six natives were baptized, and it was a very impressive ceremony. Our baptistery is a small, round, well-like structure almost in front of our bungalow, and it was such a beautiful sight, the white-robed school children and a crowd of native Christians watching the rite, while at the back the sun was setting.

January 8. Dr. Ida Faye telegraphed that they would be home to-morrow bringing company with them. But we are used to that. This house has never been so full but that we could welcome any new-comer. If worst comes to worst, we can stow away some in a tremendous tent we have to go camping in. . . I have been busy fixing library books, putting new numbers on, entering them, and so forth. Our Sunday-school library is in a dreadful condition. I have been quite miserable for several days. I cannot seem to find any cure for my ailments.

January 9. Dr. Ida and Miss Faye came this morning, bringing with them Mr. and Mrs. McKay and their son and heir, aged three months. Mr. Drake also dropped in to breakfast, so we were a very merry crowd, twelve at the table, and such a jolly dozen. We did a good deal more talking and laughing than eating, though there was plenty of that too. Finally, father, Miss Faye, and I got to shooting custard apple seeds across the table, when mother called us to order.

January 11. I gave my first Greek lesson to Subbiah today and I think he will be very bright at it. Our house has been totally upset for the last few days, it will seem strange to get quiet again.

January 12. Father went into camp directly after dinner. When he was half-way down the drive we had to call him back because he had started off without any hat. This afternoon we went for a walk along the canal. It was a delightfully cool day and we thoroughly enjoyed our walk. I gathered a number of specimens of flowers on the way which I have pressed. We went to a place where I suppose no whites have been before, because the children ran from us in

## The Young Missionary

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terror or stared in amazement. I am beginning to study for the matriculation examination in dead earnest. Physics is the first branch I have tackled as it is the hardest for me. To-morrow I will do some history.

January 14. A very small English Sunday-school to-day. The Lord Bishop of Madras is in Nellore, and all the English-speaking population flock to hear him. We all intended going this evening, but were kept at home by one of the schoolgirls getting convulsions. She came in and out of twenty within two hours. Doctor Ida was away in camp, and was not expected until eight o'clock. How we did long for her coming while we tried everything we knew anything about.

January 15. This noon I was resting in my room when I heard a commotion downstairs. A baby had been brought to Doctor Faye, in all probability in a dying condition. We hurried down and found the poor little thing, only four months old, in terrible inward convulsions. The mother had given it a hot bath, and then to prevent it from taking a chill had given it a preparation of hot pepper. The stomach and abdomen were inflated until they pressed upon the heart almost stopping its working powers. All five of us worked over that baby from half-past one until five o'clock and then fearful of something happening, I held it until seven o'clock in my lap. But it lives, yes, is almost well. Oh, the happiness of the mother is beyond measure, for it is her only one.

January 16. Doctor Faye and I went to Koor to-day, to her dispensary there, and it was very interesting. First, we had Telugu prayers. Imagine us two, in a box of a room, with a few Bible women, the window, door, and every available nook crammed with a motley throng of heathen. Some listened to our hymns and prayers, making audible comments throughout the whole of them ; some went away indifferent ; some were curious, and a few, we hope, had some seeds of truth of Christ's love dropped into their hearts. We may not know in this world how much good every such small effort does. After prayers we went to the medical work. There were twenty-three patients with every sort of ailment,

## The Return to India

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some slight, some very serious. It is pitiable the amount of suffering endured by this people.

January 18. Minnie and I had a regular scramble this morning in the library and around the verandas, which we enjoyed immensely. To pay up for it we both had to go unprepared to our lessons, she to her Telugu, I to my Greek. I haven't had a regular scramble since I came here, the climate is too hot, but I did enjoy this one, it seemed like home. Subbiah is getting along splendidly in his Greek. He is very fond of asking questions. I enjoy having him for a scholar, he is so nice.

January 19. Early this afternoon when all were out but Alice and myself, she called me down to see some sick patients. Although my head was going like a trip-hammer, I went down and found a little baby, thirteen days old, who had fallen into the fire and was in a terrible condition. I had to go chasing around in the broiling sun for Jessie (Doctor Faye's assistant). We looked over the medicine chest but decided the baby was in too bad a condition for us to handle, so we sent it to the government hospital.

January 20, Saturday. Time fairly flies here. There are so many things I wanted to do that I haven't touched, yet I have been busy every hour of the week doing something. To-day it was those library books again. This evening I had a fine time studying, got my Bible lesson for to-morrow, my Greek for Monday, and part of my British history. Mother says we must employ every odd minute, and I have come to see the truth of her words. Alice is getting along beautifully in her music. She is not quite ready sometimes to study the hard places, but, on the whole, does very well.

January 21. Our Sunday-school lesson was on our first parents' disobedience. If it didn't do any one else any good, I know it helped me very much. Everything seemed more real to me as I tried to explain it to my little girls and I saw the sin, the curse, the promise, and the result to posterity more forcibly than I ever did before. What a sly old serpent Satan is anyway! I wonder if it is the curse upon the serpent that has made it so odious to mortals, beautiful as it is in many

## The Young Missionary

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of its forms? Whenever I see a snake, somehow it reminds me of Satan. . . I stood for a while on the veranda and was enchanted with the beauty of the moonlight. Outside it looks like fairyland bathed in silver. But it made me sad and heart-sick for home, so I did not venture to stay there long.

January 26. If there is one thing more than another that gives me trouble it is my temper. It seems to me when I try my hardest, then I fail most signally. It is so hard to battle against self and sin! Perhaps I trust too much in my own strength and do not lean enough upon the strong arm of my eternal Friend. How often our prayers are wandering, faint-hearted petitions, and how they must grieve the dear Father above! But what a good Father he is, so ready to forgive his erring children, so ready to receive them in his arms when they fly to him sin-sick and weary and so lovingly guiding their steps in the path of right. I love this Father, but I want, I long to love him more, more, and oh, I want to grow more like him. I am so weak and selfish. I despise myself.

January 28. That poor little baby of whom we took such care and on whom we all spent so much time and strength is dead. It died very suddenly and, at first, we were so sorry for the stricken mother and grandmother. Afterwards we felt they deserved the blow, for in spite of all Doctor Faye said and of all our pleading, they took it to a native doctor, gave it native medicine and actually had the poor child *burned* in three places on its forehead.

January 29. We went through an important event to-day. We were all vaccinated, on the veranda, with the calf right before our eyes. It was a novel experience, but I expect it will be still more novel when the fever sets in. The government is making the matriculation examination harder and harder each year. Ah me! where will I be next year, I wonder? I am doing my very best to study up, but find it very hard work with all that I have on hand to do. The days are getting awfully hot too, for me, but mother says this isn't anything to what it will be later on.

We have quoted rather freely from the diary for



## The Return to India

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January, because we wished to show how there is something all the time, coming up in a mission compound, outside of the regular routine work. Though Annie had been but one month in Nellore and had no *special* work to do, yet we find her busy, helping here and there, and moaning over the little time there was to do the many things needing attention.

Many good people at home have strange ideas concerning the work done by the missionaries. "Is it true that the missionaries sit all day long under the shade of a palm tree?" was a real question asked by one anxious for information. She only needed to see a palm tree, with its crown of foliage far above the earth, to realize that there was no shade there, even if any one had time to sit out in the heat, courting a sunstroke. We see by Annie's account that even in January the heat affected one who had not become used to it. If the cavilers at home could only come and spend some time, as the Clintons did in the "Bishop's Conversion," they would soon see the difference between life at home and that in the tropics, and modify many of their erroneous ideas.

## CHAPTER V

### WORK AND PLAY

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart ;  
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold,  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we shall say that " God knew best."

 quote again from Annie's diary as better than any description of ours it tells of her busy young life :

February 10, 1894. In camp. I came out here this morning, arriving in time for breakfast. Early in the evening we went out to a village near here, where mother showed her magic lantern views to quite a large audience. The people were very much delighted with the story of the " Prodigal Son." Besides this, we showed Indian views, also views of our compound with the boys and girls in the schools. Then Pastor Subbiah talked to them awhile and we closed with prayer. During the prayer the heathen people made audible remarks on us and the wonderful lamp, which was rather distracting to the one praying. But such is their way. Sunday in camp. It is so still here with only the song of birds and the melancholy chant of a hawk wheeling aloft, that one can almost hear one's self think. It seems to me I would like to stay in camp all the time, it is so restful ; but it seems so strange this utter stillness. In tent, even our voices have a

## Work and Play

deadened sound as if we were in a rarer atmosphere. This is just the time when my thoughts turn involuntarily to America and the dear, dear friends there.

February 14. We were all invited to tea at the "Folly" and had a most enjoyable time. Besides ourselves there were two others, just enough to make a jolly crowd. First we had Badminton and the amount of fun we had in that was amazing; Dr. F— who couldn't play, Mr. S— who made ridiculous tosses and always missed the ball at the critical moment, Miss M— and papa the best players of the lot, and Mr. M—who is so fat and whenever he didn't altogether miss the ball, sent it waltzing to the top of a tree several yards outside the limits of the court. After this came a delicious tea on the lawn, after which we went into the house and played "Jenkins-up" until time to go home. It was not at all stiff, but very pleasant.

February 20. Mother has divided the schoolgirls, giving me the first three standards and Minnie the others for calisthenics. I took my girls to-day and had a tussle with them the first thing. Two of them would not do the head exercise, so after fair warning, I kept them after the others had gone. They were very angry with me, I suppose, but at any price I mean to have prompt obedience.

February 23. I suppose at home they are having a gala day in honor of the birth of the "Father of his country." Mother and father went out to camp again this noon, and after they left I came up here and had a cry, for my wicked temper had mastered me again. I am discouraged with myself. I do try, and pray every day to overcome it, but I seem to get worse and worse. What shall I do? Keep on trying, I suppose, until I succeed. I do not throw myself enough on God's promises nor trust in him enough.

More purity give me, more trust in the Lord,  
More freedom from earth-stains, more hope in his word.

My prayer.

February 24. My trials began almost as soon as *chota haçivi* (little breakfast) was over this morning. First the supplies for the schools had to be given out for two days. Then I had to see

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to the garden, but was called by a complaint against the school peon by the matron; then came petitions, and so on the whole day long. I was ever so glad when night came and I could rest.

March 3. Minnie gave a picnic to-day to the school children and Dr. Faye to the Bible women and teachers. We started in the morning about nine o'clock and had the picnic in a mango grove about a mile from here. It was a delightful place and the children were in their element. We played games and sang until it got too hot, when we lay down under the tent or under the trees and talked, read, or slept until dinner was ready. Oh, that dinner! How delicious was the curry and rice *eaten with the fingers!* Then came games, singing, and talking until four o'clock, when Miss Faye gave a present to each one. If the people in America guessed one-half the happiness which their boxes of little gifts give to these children, their hearts would overflow in thanksgiving. After the gifts came sweeties and after that—home.

March 4. Where does all the time go, I wonder? Am I growing morbid? I ask myself time and time again. It seems to me as if this climate was bringing out all the worst traits in my character and fight as I will, a flood of morbid, restless feelings will surge over me every once in a while. O God, take away these thoughts and make me as sunny and gay-hearted as I was in the dear old days. Such is my daily prayer, and I think, I hope, if I fight against the feeling, that God in his infinite mercy will answer this my soul's longing. This life is indeed a battlefield, a daily struggle.

March 5. It is getting hotter and hotter every day. The glare of the sun is very bad, especially at noon.

I gaze all day on the burning plain,  
And I long, I long for the cool again.

It is already 90° on the veranda at 3 P. M., and it is only March. What will it be in May? We have such quiet times here, very little to break the monotony. Every day full to the brim with work, but all days having a sameness that makes me long to fly away somewhere for a little while. It is only work that keeps us from *ennui*, I verily believe. But in spite of it all, it is a very pleasant sort of life.

## Work and Play

March 9. Papa has been reading us scraps from the "Hindu," about the Parliament of Religions, and it has riled me dreadfully. I wish I had the power of writing or speaking so that I could rouse the people of our beloved United States and make them ashamed for allowing this indignity, this blasphemy against Almighty God and Christ and the Holy Ghost. My heart is burning with anger to see the Creator of heaven and earth and his word so belittled and scoffed at! How dare they? How dare they? And our country, which is considered the most civilized and enlightened on the earth, to be called by the Hindus, "coarse," "provincial," "savage"; our religion, the purest and best, ridiculed, and to have thanks sent from the United States to India for "*the truths they have taught us,*" and a request for "*more teachers to be sent to enlighten us!*" O Lord, how long wilt thou suffer such things? Come quickly and make all things right!

March 14. I got an invitation to-day to the wedding of one of our teachers which is to be celebrated to-morrow afternoon in the church. There are great preparations going on. I had to settle a quarrel between the gardener and the bridegroom. Instead of asking the gardener to get the cocoanut branches for him, he took them himself and nearly spoiled one of the nicest trees, taking nine branches instead of three. This wedding is more trouble than it is worth, for in spite of all orders they pulled down our pretty Rangoon creeper, took all the exquisite purple flowers off Dr. Faye's choice plant, and all the fresh green tips off our mango tree which means just so many less mangoes for us.

Later. The wedding has come off and the bride looked very pretty and the groom very important. They had a grand feast with fireworks afterward. This is the first native Christian wedding we girls have seen. At the end of the ceremony we had wreaths put around our necks.

March 16. I am down with a very bad sore throat and feeling miserable generally. At the same time the wedding was in progress yesterday, there was a heathen wedding not far from here, and we can hear the music nicely. They have a band hired from a distance, and are having gay times

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every evening for eight days. The bride is *seven* and the groom *twelve*. If this little groom should die, this wee girl would have her head shaved, never marry again, all her fine clothes be taken away, and she would become an outcast and a drudge. Poor wee lasses of India! How I pity the widows!

March 18. This afternoon father told us we were going to Coonoor in April, and I shall be so glad. That is where dear little Elsie sleeps, and I want to see her grave so much. I was in America when she died. I never saw her after she was four years old, and missed nearly all of her sweet life. Father says her grave is one of the prettiest spots there. He say Coonoor is almost like Paradise.

And so her diary goes on, full of all that was happening around her and the many things in which she was interested. The leaven was working, she was beginning to feel her part in the work-a-day world. She had her daily study for the examination and Telugu with the Munshi. She taught Greek to Pastor Subbiah, music to her sister Alice, calisthenics to the schoolgirls, and had superintending to do in the absence of her mother in camp. She was always ready to help when the sick were brought in. She was full of sympathy with all suffering, and even when in pain herself, would hide it and devote herself to any poor sufferer that claimed her help.

As the weather grew warmer, and the girls seemed to feel the heat very much, we decided to leave Nellore as soon as possible. Annie writes, April 15:

I took my Sunday-school for the last time as superintendent,

## Work and Play

for I go from the Hills straight to Bangalore to school. Our lesson was "Discord in Jacob's family," and we all laid most stress on the trouble that comes from quarreling. We all know it from experience, I am sure. I think I sympathize with a hot-tempered person more than any one else for I have so much trouble with my own hot temper. We all go to the Hills on Tuesday. I won't be sorry to get out of this heat.

It is a wonderful provision of nature, that in the hottest part of Southern India, there are hills that tower from five thousand to eight thousand five hundred feet above the plains, and afford a refuge during the extreme heat.

Coonor, on the Nilgiris or Blue Hills, is some six thousand feet above sea level, and there the Missionary Union has a sanatorium for the use of the missionaries. It is beautifully situated on a high cliff with a lovely valley in front, across which is Hoolical Droog, a fortified hill, famous for being the scene of some of Tippoo Sultan's barbarities.

In this beautiful place Annie's love of nature had full scope. The days were full of long walks, excursions to various points of interest, during which many woodland treasures were added to her ever-increasing collection. She also gathered strength during the two months' stay for the hard study which lay before her.

Our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Owen, of Bapatla, were with us at Holmwood, and in the evenings when the doors were shut and curtains drawn, we had interesting home concerts with

## The Young Missionary

piano, two violins, guitar and three well-trained voices. It was a vacation long to be remembered by all who enjoyed it.

“I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my strength,” said the psalmist, and truly many of the weary workers on the heated plains have gained strength from these hills.

The following beautiful poem from the pen of William Gannet, expresses exactly what we all feel :

God plowed one day with an earthquake,  
And drove his furrows deep !  
The huddling plains up-started,  
The hills were all a-leap !

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,  
The home-elect of his grace ;  
He spreadeth his mornings on them,  
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music  
Of footfalls echoing long,  
And carry majestic greeting  
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,  
Wild storm-views from the main ;  
They sing it down to the valleys  
In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,  
And over the uplands flock ;  
He hath woven the zones together  
As a robe for his risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers,  
Nests for his flying clouds,



## Work and Play

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Homesteads for newborn races,  
Masterful, free, and proud.


The people of tired cities  
Come up to their shrines and pray,  
God freshens again within them,  
As he passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret !  
The beauty deeper than all ;  
This faith—that life's hard moments  
When the jarring sorrows befall,  
Are but God plowing his mountains ;  
And those mountains yet shall be  
The source of his grace and freshness,  
And his peace everlasting to me.

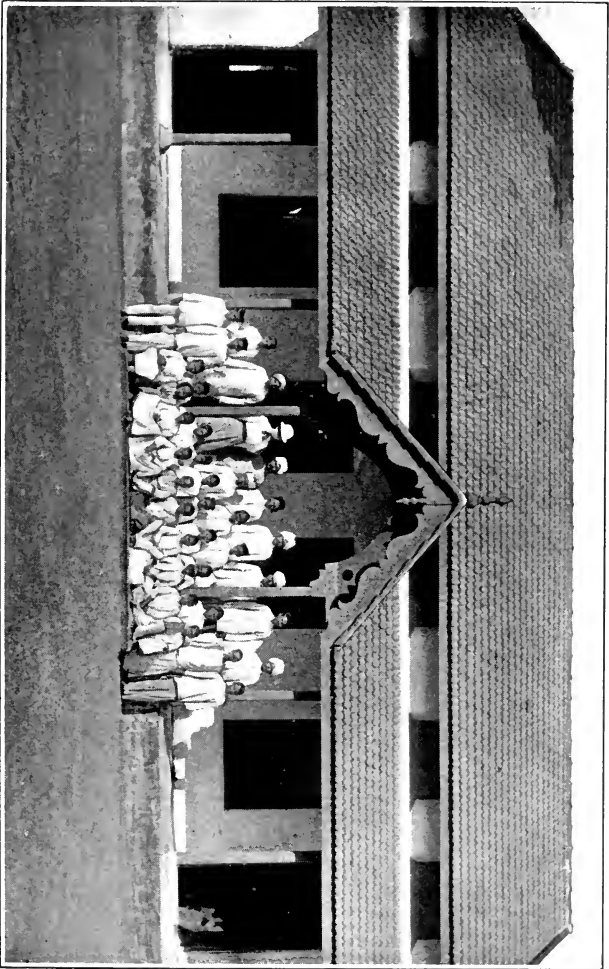
## CHAPTER VI

### A CALL TO MISSION WORK

Live day by day,  
The path before thee does not lead astray.  
Do the next duty. It must surely be  
The Christ is in the one that's next to thee.

HE city of Bangalore is on a plateau three thousand feet above sea level, in the native province of Mysore. It is a cantonment and has, besides the various regiments quartered there, a large number of European and Eurasian residents. The climate is usually good and there are several very good schools.

It did not take Annie long to find out that she could not hope to prepare for a difficult government examination amid all the rush and worry of a mission compound, so she wisely decided to enter the matriculation class in St. Andrew's High School and put her mind to study only. She left Coonoor June 15, 1894, and reached the city the next evening. She was warmly welcomed by our missionaries, Doctor and Mrs. MacLaurin, who opened their home to her for the six months she expected to be in school. Of the journey there Annie writes in her diary :



NELLORE BOYS' BOARDING SCHOOL



## A Call to Mission Work

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Oh, how hot it is on the train ! After the hills it is almost unbearable. Luckily we got two compartments for the night, though not without a fuss with the station-master. Miss Booker and I had a very good night's rest, and to-day Mr. and Mrs. Owen joined us in our compartment, and with a well-filled lunch basket, a dozen or so of mangoes and a spirit lamp to make tea and coffee, we are having a jolly time.

Of her introduction to the school she says :

First day at school. It isn't at all like what I expected, but I dare say I shall like it better as I get along. I suppose I made too high a vision of it after my training in America. The lessons, as far as I can judge from such short acquaintance, are very differently taught here from what they are at home. I just looked on to-day taking no part whatever in the recitations.

During her stay in Bangalore she made many friends, but the school life was not the same as in America, and she was glad when it was over and she was able to return to Nellore. Of her stay with them Mrs. MacLaurin writes :

I shall always be glad we had Annie in our home in Bangalore. Often have I said that I never knew a girl of more thorough, unflinching sweetness of disposition or more sincerely a Christian.

And Annie always looked upon the home in Bangalore as a second home to her and cherished a pleasant remembrance of the time spent there.

After her return to Nellore, while waiting for the government returns of the results of the examination she began work again in the mission, for it

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was impossible for her to be idle with so much to be done on every side.

There was a growing feeling in the family that she was not strong enough for the strain of a medical course and when it turned out that she had failed in arithmetic, which was a compulsory subject, it was taken as an indication that she had better give up all thought of a medical career. Again she yielded her desires in deference to her parents' wishes and did not try again. She had, though, a decided talent for teaching, and Miss Darmstadt, who had taken over charge of the schools, was very glad to have her help.

In 1896, Alice, the youngest sister, had to return to America, partly on account of her health and partly to resume her interrupted studies. Annie wrote very full letters to her during the two years they were separated and extracts from them shall tell the story of her life and work.

NELLORE, July, 1896.

MY DEAR ALICE: I wish you could see my room just now. We have had a sharp shower and in less time than seemed possible, my room is swarming with those winged white ants, hundreds of them, covering table and walls and getting all over us. I hear groans from mother's room, so I suppose she is having a siege too. Well, even while I have been writing, they have become so unbearable that I must put out my light and go to bed.

Monday. I have been writing "Review" letters all morning and some part of the afternoon until I am sick of the sight of them. My children in school were very naughty, and I

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had to punish three of them, and altogether this has been a horrid day. . .

Mother says I must go to bed as it is nearly eleven o'clock, and I have to get up early to inspect the boys' dormitories and look after their eating dishes. I spend from half an hour to an hour every day, watching them sweep the dormitories, to see that the corners are all swept out and also under and behind the almirahs. I have to peek through the almirahs too, for unless the boys are watched they keep their clothes and books in a disgraceful condition. On Saturdays they mend their clothes from three to six P. M., and the boys like this as little as I do. I am sick of putting on patches and sewing on buttons and shall be as glad as they when the new clothes come.

Before Alice went home there had been one break in the family. At the earnest request of Mr. and Mrs. Manley, who were all alone in Udayagiri, Minnie went there in 1895 to take charge of the school work, and help in opening work among the secluded women in the town. It was the first time the sisters had been separated for any length of time, and in October, 1896, Annie went to make Minnie a visit, and while in Udayagiri went up on the hill where she had been several times as a child. She wrote of the visit to Alice as follows :

MY DEAR ALICE : I had such a nice time with Minnie on Udayagiri Droog. We took long walks over the hill and roamed over the old ruined place ; saw the Musjid ; carved our names on the ruined old mosque that joined the palace ; visited the Rambuga well, where the thousand steps tired us all out ; peeped into the "Sanayasi's Guha" (sacred man's cave), and did all the ruins nearly. We looked into the underground dungeon, which is very well preserved, but as there was no one with us to help us out, nor a rope to let us

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down, we decided not to attempt more than a look. I took a sketch of the Musjid, which mother says is the best thing I have done yet. I brought home such a lot of "trash," as Minnie calls it: a stone cannon ball, which makes a very picturesque paper weight; an antique coin, several hundreds of years old, we think by the superscription; a number of specimens of rocks, of ferns and mosses, of butterflies, and one large water creature which the natives call a "water scorpion," though it looks more like a beetle. It is three or four inches long, and is a very curious as well as vicious looking "animile." I have him in a glass bottle of spirits where he makes a very fine show. But my best loved pet is a big green chameleon, ten or twelve inches long from its ugly little nose to the tip of its strong curling tail. Its eyes turn every way, and the curious part is when one eye turns to the front, the other turns backward. The feet are very funny, in two parts (like a mitten with only the thumb separate), with two sharp nails on one part and three on the other. All down its backbone and also underneath, along its chin and stomach, is a row of what looks like saw-teeth. It changes a great many different shades of green, yellow, and reddish brown, and sometimes almost black. We feed it by putting a live grasshopper into its mouth, and give it water to drink in the same way. It likes to climb everywhere, but likes best to be either on the foot of my bed or on my head, where it will sit a long time perfectly motionless, except for the rolling of its eyes. It is so awkward and comical when walking that it sends us into fits of laughter. It gets very angry when taken up, especially when it is making for some tree in the garden, opening its mouth, hissing and spitting like a cat. When it is angry its tail curls up into a tight little roll, and when it is happy the tail sticks straight out behind or waves triumphantly in the air. It holds on by its tail too, like a monkey. It spends most of the day on my shoulder or head, and at night sleeps in a little box with a wire top.

October 25, 1896.

MY DEAR ALICE: Yesterday the teachers, Minnie, Mur-



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riah, and Jessie, gave all the missionaries a feast of delicious curry and rice, *real hot*, and after that, puppoo, peanuts, cassia nuts, cocoanuts, and custard apples. It was so comical to see the dignified missionaries sitting cross-legged on mats, eating with their hands, trying to eat curry and rice as gracefully and as easily as the natives do, but failing woefully. Mr. Levering is so tall he couldn't sit on the floor with any comfort, so he had a little footstool provided for him which perched him up so high above his leaf plate as to be even more comical. Poor Miss Wayte nearly choked over the hot curry. It was hot enough to bring tears to the eyes of the rest of us, but we enjoyed it immensely, especially Miss Darmstadt and myself.

November 15. We have had a beautiful heavy rain all day to-day. It really looks as if it is a genuine monsoon rain at last. It is still raining this evening, and Miss D—— and I are very cosy in the drawing-room writing letters. There is a song we used to sing when at school, about the spring-time. One couplet goes:

The frogs begin to ripple  
A music soft and sweet.

The frogs are “rippling” in fine style to-night, but the “music” is neither “soft” nor “sweet.” It sounds as if this whole compound of eight acres was one mass of warbling frogs. They even drown, to a great extent, the barking and yelping of a Pariah dog in the Pallem.

I have another pet, Alice, a big green caterpillar, about four inches long and as thick as my thumb. I put him into a bottle with some Rangoon creeper leaves and he has spun for himself the daintiest of silk cocoons and has now gone to sleep for some months. I watched him spin and I declare he is a wonderful cradle maker. My Oosarilli (chameleon) is thriving and is getting lazier every day, because he don't have to hunt for his food, but every day, about one o'clock, all he has to do is to open his Kentucky Mammoth Cave of a mouth, and in pop from three to six “hoppergrasses.” Miss D—— is almost as fond of him as I am. He is a dear little

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chappie, though as far as his face is concerned, he is as ugly—as ugly as blue mud.

November 23. Only a scrap of a letter, my dear Alice, just to send over the blue waters, a kiss, my love, and many, many good wishes for a most delightful Christmas, also a little picture which I hope will add brightness to your room and remind you of India.

I fancy there is not another soul who is awake while I am writing this. Oosarilli is fast asleep in his box by the door and a number of bats form my sole company. I am always afraid to shake my bed for fear of rousing those that are hanging from the springs underneath. Every night there is a hard fight in the bathroom and in the morning I find the floor strewn with feet, wings, and scraps of fur. I have to be careful lest I find a luckless bat has fallen into the pitcher or taken a header into my tooth water. Mosquitoes are also here, little ones with such a thin piping ke-e-e, that I get very wrathful and make furious slashes at them. The older, deeper, more sedately singing ones I don't mind so much. Eucalyptus oil, well rubbed on, is my antidote.

February 7, 1897.

MY DEAR ALICE. I am enclosing a letter from my boy Joseph. He took a great deal of pains writing it in English and I wish you would write him a little note in return. I have adopted him as my boy. I am paying his expenses in school and I will give him lower secondary training as a teacher. After that, if he chooses to study more and is willing to help himself, I am going to help him in his studies further. There are three boys in the school that I am very fond of, John, Joseph, and Moses. Miss D—— has put me as a sort of head over the boys, and they now look on me as their own special property. They always come to me with their woes, grievances, quarrels, and requests, which are sometimes rather hard to settle. Out of the fifty-eight boys sent up for examination, only three failed, two of them being outside boys. Wasn't that good? Miss D—— is now teaching English prose

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in the boys' school and I am teaching them poetry. Both schools have drawing and singing from the third class up. Every Saturday evening, John, Moses, and Joseph come over to the bungalow and I teach them violin and mandolin.

It is so hot here at one o'clock! Everything has a drowsy, tired look. Even the butterflies seem oppressed. As for me, I am slowly melting and in a couple of hours will be little more than a grease spot. I have a class at two-thirty and have to dress, so this letter will not be very long this week.

Miss D— and I are very much interested in a Shudra boy who is studying in the sixth standard. He is just as nice as he can be in school. He seems much interested in Christianity, we hope he will be a Christian soon. He is in my class in Sunday-school and always has his lesson. I gave him your little black Bible to study from. I have also given him a Telugu hymn book and Bible.

We have another caste boy in the sixth class—Rama-Row, a Brahmin. He is a nice little chap now, though at first he was inclined to be impertinent to the teachers. He was a bigoted little Hindu, refused to go into the school Bible class, and laughed in prayer time. Now he is in my Sunday-school class and is at least respectful in prayers. He came into the drawing-room, Saturday while I was playing the piano and seemed so curious about it. I set the music box going and showed him how it worked. He thought it was wonderful.

Now I must close. I have a splitting headache and should lie down, but there are so many things I ought to do, I hardly know which to choose, but I suppose a letter to Mrs. Safford is the most important as it is about the boys.

October 11, 1897.

I fear this will not be much of a letter as I am pretty tired to-night. I am in study hour with the boys. It is a pity they cannot be trusted to get their lessons without having to be watched, but boys will be boys, I suppose. Miss D— was away for over a month and I had a jolly time as "head of the heap," over at the school. The matron and I had no end of trouble with sick children, thirty sick at one time, but

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otherwise everything went smoothly. One or two of the girls have been trying to get "fits," but it does not work at all. All the comfort they get is a tincup full of water in their faces and if that does not bring relief, then a warning that father will be called over works like a charm.

We have a dear lad here called Judda Solomon. He is from Udayagiri. About a year and a half ago he only knew his letters in English. Since then he has studied up four years' lessons in English and is now studying algebra, arithmetic, history, geometry, and hygiene, all in English. Ask Professor Philips if that is not pretty fair for a lad of sixteen and a Madaga (chuckler) at that? He is a dear little chap and we all love him dearly.

In November of this year a great shock came to the Nellore family when the head of the house was bitten by a mad dog and was ordered at once to Paris for treatment at the Pasteur Institute. Minnie had come from Udayagiri to be present at her parents' silver wedding celebration, but all joy was swallowed up in the sudden trouble that came just before the expected day. The girls behaved beautifully, keeping up their spirits so their father would not feel badly for them, and helped to get the travelers ready for the hurried journey. Annie wrote to Alice under date of November 29:

MY DEAR ALICE. Only a few lines to let you know we are well and that I intend writing to you every week while mother and father are away. Mother wrote you all about father's bite, did she not? Now you must not worry, little girlie; father will be all right, I am sure. They are doing just the best thing possible, as far as we can see, by going to Paris, and will return very soon. Meanwhile we will pray

## A Call to Mission Work

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for him and at the same time do our work faithfully and as well as possible, just as he would like us to do—will we not? Minnie runs the house and makes a capital housekeeper. Mr. Levering takes father's place as treasurer, *pro tem.*, and Miss D—— and I run the schools as usual. Minnie has the zenana work also. We are having a very busy time as the examinations are near.


Twenty-two of our boys have taken a pledge neither to use intoxicating drinks nor tobacco in any form. I am making out some pretty pledge cards for them in Telugu, printing a spray of flowers on each.

This is the coldest "cool season" we have had in Nellore. The temperature was down to 64° this morning. Christmas won't be Christmas with all the home folks away, but we are going to make the best of it.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE RETURN TO AMERICA

Pass out—pass over the threshold, love,  
Straight as the south-bound swallow.  
Each soul has its star-path fixed above,  
Where none—ah, none may follow.  
Go swiftly, strongly to find thy fate!  
'Tis love that sends thee, and love can wait.

S the months passed, Annie became more and more interested in her work. She taught five hours a day in the schools, and often had the pupil teachers come to her for object-lessons that she prepared in her own time. Besides all the routine work, in the three years, she passed three examinations in Telugu and read a year in Sanskrit.

There could be but one ending to all this, her health became seriously impaired, and a nervous shock she received early in 1899, decided the question of her immediate return to America.

The school children, as well as the native Christians, felt badly at the prospect of losing one who was not only a loving teacher, but also a sympathetic friend. She had three farewell addresses presented to her which we quote in full, as much

## The Return to America

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for the quaint wording as for the spirit of love and regret that animates them :

TO MISS A. K. DOWNIE.

DEAR MADAM: We, the scholars of American Baptist Mission Lower Secondary Boys' School, have assembled here to bid you farewell on the eve of your departure from our midst. Glad as we are that such an opportunity has come to us for expressing our sense of love and gratitude to you, we regret greatly that, on the same occasion, we have also to express our feelings of sorrow at the painful separation.

Nearly three years have elapsed since you came to this school, to join the teaching staff of this institution, and the confidence and affection which during that comparatively short period you have worked in us, cannot, on the occasion of your departure, allow us to express the feelings of gratitude that we cherish toward you. Your unwavering kindness, regard, and impartiality, your readiness to help and advise, your sympathy and goodness of heart, have engendered in us a feeling of love and respect for you, and it is needless to mention what a source of pleasure it has been to us, day by day, to sit at your feet and listen to those highly instructive and interesting lessons, to those weighty thoughts and wise reflections that you always conveyed to our minds. By your kindness we learned English, drawing, and other divine songs. Therefore we offer heartfelt thanks to you. You were a type of moral courage and moral principles.

In conclusion we request you to accept this as a token of our esteem and regard for you. And may God grant you a safe and happy journey, and that there may be much happiness and prosperity in store for you.

Yours obediently,

The Scholars of A. B. Mission Schools, Nellore.

March 2, 1899, Nellore.

TO MISS A. K. DOWNIE, Assistant Superintendent A. B. Mission Training and Girls' Schools, Nellore.

MOST RESPECTED LADY: We, the students of the A. B.

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Mission Training School for mistresses, and the pupils of A. B. Mission Girls' Lower Secondary School, Nellore, beg your ladyship to accept this address of a few lines, which express our love and gratitude towards you on the eve of your departure for America.

You took charge of assistant superintendentship in the year 1895. Ever since then your heart and soul have been devoted to elevate us both educationally and evangelistically. We poor girls owe you much for your untiring zeal, patience, and energy, in imparting instruction in singing, drawing, calisthenics, and kindergarten system of teaching. You not only proved yourself a best teacher, but you treated us also as a sister and mother in our private matters. Besides this, we find in you a true missionary in uplifting us, so that we might become women of true Christian principles. As our knowledge is very insignificant, we cannot find words to express our feelings of love and gratitude. We sincerely commend you to the love of Jesus Christ, until we meet again, and we hope for you a happy voyage, a pleasant stay in your dear homeland, and a happy return to us. We beg to remain, most respected lady,

Your most obedient students and pupils of A. B. Mission Training and Girls' Schools.

TO MISS ANNIE K. DOWNIE.

American Baptist Mission, Nellore.

DEAR MADAM: We, the members of the native Christian community of Nellore, avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our testimony to the sincere appreciation of your useful work in our midst during the last three years and a half.

Your lessons in drawing, chastised by the wholesome influence of your character, enabled our children to draw the right line as well on the spiritual tablet within as on the paper board before them, and your serene music as a chorister of our church, has prepared us to be ever ready to listen to the voice of God. As our Sunday-school teacher, you have palpably exemplified the untiring exertion of the membership of our Christian Endeavor Society.



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You are engendered to us, as one born in Nellore, and sorry as we are to part with you, for however short a period, we at the same time feel immensely happy in the prospect of your early return to the "Lone Star," with higher literary honors and finer artistic accomplishments embodied on a superior intellect and invigorated health.

Lastly, we rejoice to record your sympathy, love, and courtesy, towards us as members of the universal church of the Son of God.

Heartily wishing you a happy voyage and a safe return,  
We remain, Dear Madam,

Yours very affectionately,  
The Native Christians of Nellore.

There were five of our Telugu missionaries who sailed on the S. S. "Egypt," from Bombay, on the twelfth of March, 1899. The vessel was crowded and there were sixty-five children in the second saloon, so that all were very uncomfortable. Influenza broke out among the passengers during the trip, Annie being among the victims, and she was so used up by it, that she was in her room for a week after reaching London. We were very thankful that our friends and co-laborers, the Leverings, were in the party, for they cared for her faithfully all the way to America.

Alluding to the dreariness of the journey, Annie wrote :

Docket read her voyage letter from mother to me to-day, and it made me so homesick that I disgraced myself by crying. . . All I want is to see my folks. Thank you so much for the letters at Marseilles. I carry them about with me to keep up my courage.

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Just before reaching London the weather was very unpleasant. Annie writes :

I shall be so glad to get off this ship, I am not in love with it. I suppose I am looking at everything through blue glasses on account of my miserable cold. I am the only one of our party that is up to-night. All the others, one after the other decided that their cabins are the best places for the present. Only nine ladies appeared at supper. At my table there were only myself and a gentleman who took his wife's place. The boat is pitching and rolling, and going every which way, which the people say is very unkind. One gentleman came on deck, and seeing the rows and rows of empty chairs, and the languid occupants of the few that were occupied, struck an attitude, and in a very tearful voice said : "How are the mighty fallen!" . . . I had a real jolly time walking up and down the deck with another girl who is as "fit" as I am.

March 22. It is bitter cold upstairs, we can only keep warm by walking, and I am so tired this morning I can't walk much. I was kept awake half the night by a baby in the next cabin, screaming with the earache.

The longest journey must have an ending, and so London was reached at last. Of their joy at being on shore, she says :

It seems so good to get out of the ship and be on *terra firma* again. One gets so tired of ship sights, sounds, and smells. I got so sick of the smell, the indescribable ship smell, before we got off. At the docks we had to wait for another steamer to go in ahead of us. There was a crowd of people on shore waiting for our ship. They had been there four hours, and it took us nearly two hours to get into the dock. It was a weary wait.

Annie's letters written on the way and while in

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London, were full of interest. We append a description of Westminster Abbey:

When we went into the abbey there was a service, so we waited until it was finished, and then I waited still longer to hear the organ voluntary. Oh, it was grand! The music began very softly, just a breath, as if afraid to disturb the silence of the old abbey and the dead lying there. Then it gradually swelled until the volume of sound filled the whole place, the treble soaring higher and ever higher and the thunder of the bass echoing and re-echoing from transept to transept. Suddenly, with one magnificent chord, the music stopped, and the silence which followed was awesome in its intensity. This organ is called the "Celestial Organ," and I think it well named.

We didn't go into the chapel of Henry VII., but went first to the Poets' Corner where I had my little hero-worship over the monument of Longfellow. Lord Tennyson is buried next to Browning, not very far from where Longfellow's bust stands.

The old friends I particularly noticed were, rare Ben Jonson, Milton, Spenser, tomb of Geoffrey Chaucer, Dryden, Shakespeare, Scott, and the monument to Handel. Have you ever noticed that? Handel is represented holding the manuscript of the "Messiah," and I could plainly read the words with the music, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," etc. The only other busts I remember at all are the ones of Matthew Arnold and Charles Kingsley, in the baptistery at the end of the south aisle of the nave. Oh, yes, there was a tablet to John and Charles Wesley in the south aisle which surprised me a bit. Above was a medallion portrait of the two men and below that a bas-relief representing John Wesley preaching to a crowd of people in the open air, and the words, "The world is my parish." As you turn down the north transept to go out, you may see an insignificant white slab set into the floor of the aisle, walked on by all who come in or go out, a slab perhaps three feet square, with the simple inscription, "W. E. Gladstone," and the dates of his birth and death. I was rather sorry nothing was said about the man, as on

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some of the other monuments, and that there was no bust of him ; but perhaps this very simplicity is the best tribute to his memory, just as if the *name* was sufficient and there was no need of any other words.

After some little time in London, the party sailed from Southampton and reached New York early in May. Of this last voyage Annie wrote :

I never had such a dread of going on the sea before, as I have this time. As I look forward it seems as if I could not possibly stand even seven days of it. Isn't it strange? Docket says I am over-tired. I don't know what it is, but although there is most beautiful moonlight, and the sea is as smooth as glass almost, yet I cannot bear even to look at it. Your good sailor daughter is growing chicken-hearted, I am afraid.

Later on she writes :

You mustn't think because I write so matter-of-factly and cheerfully, that I am forgetting India and you all. I long, oh, so inexpressibly to see you and to be with you again. It seems sometimes as if I could not bear it, but *must* go back. But father said I must be brave and enjoy my vacation, and so I am trying very hard and I am going to get well and strong very soon, so I can come out all the sooner. That is why I am eating so much ham and bacon. Five days more and I will be twenty-four. Just think of it, folkses dear! I can hardly realize it myself. I am taken on board for eighteen. One lady calls me "little soldier." Why do people always use that ridiculous adjective "little," in speaking of me? "Little Lady," "Little Girl," "Little Friend," and now to cap the climax, "Little Soldier." Well, I can only hope to get big sometime in the near future.

After reaching America, it did not take her long to join her sister Alice who was waiting

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anxiously to see her. She spent most of the summer in or near the lovely town of West Chester, where Alice was at school, and which had been her school home before going to India. She was so nervous and miserable when she first reached there, that our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Price took her right into their hearts and home and she benefited much from their care, from the long drives, from the nourishing food with plenty of milk, and from the restfulness of the quiet place.

She afterward visited among friends and relatives, then went to Newton Centre in August, to spend a year in "Hasseltine House," and take the course of study in the Newton Theological Seminary, for she had decided to offer herself to the Woman's Board to be sent out as a fully appointed missionary.

### AUF WIEDERSEHEN

Go thou thy way and I go mine ;  
    Apart, yet not afar ;  
Only a thin veil hangs between  
    The pathways where we are.  
And God keep watch 'tween thee and me,  
    This is my prayer.  
He looks thy way, he looketh mine,  
    And keeps us near.  
Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me.  
    Both be his care.  
One arm round me and one round thee,  
    Will keep us near.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A TERM OF BIBLE STUDY

The entrance of thy word giveth light ; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

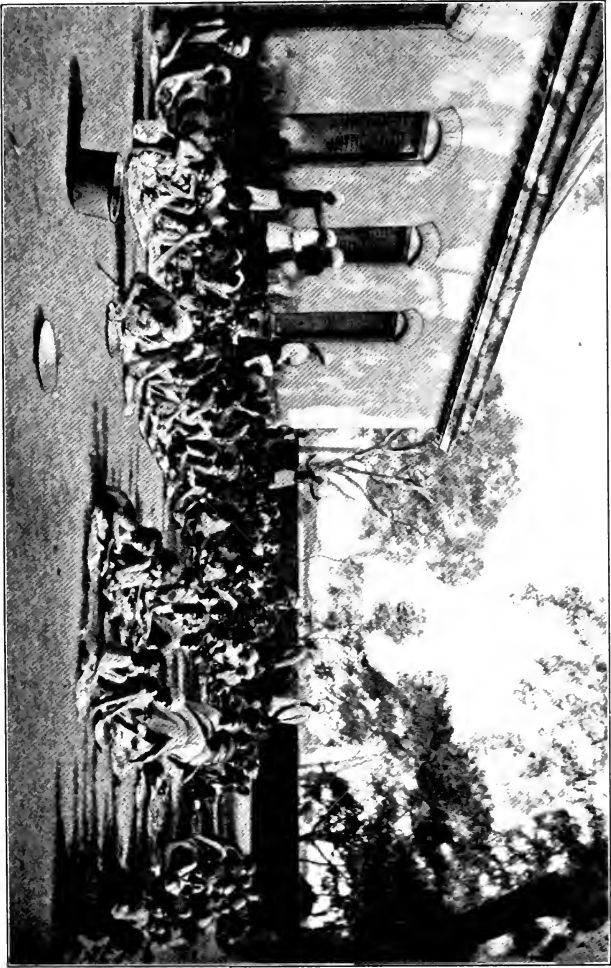
Search the Scriptures ; for in them ye think ye have eternal life : and they are they that testify of me.



EARLY in September, 1899, Annie entered Hasseltine House and began study in the seminary on the hill. She found the home the Woman's Board had prepared for young ladies desirous of entering the foreign field, a very pleasant place. The students are under the care of Mrs. George, formerly a missionary in Burma. She is peculiarly fitted to lead those in her charge and to help the Board to decide as to the fitness of the candidates. Annie's letters tell the story of her work and pleasures during the year.

September 5, 1899.

MY DEAR FOLKS : I am in Newton Centre at last, where I hope I can stay at least until I get thoroughly rested. I am tired of wandering to and fro, living in my trunks. It seems so nice to look around a room and say, " This is my dominion for a year, my sanctum, my kingdom." I have the Pittsfield room. It is a little room between Mrs. George and Mrs. Waterbury. It has two windows, one to the south and one to the west, and overlooks the hill. The paper is a dull goldy



A CHRISTMAS FEAST AT NELLORE





## A Term of Bible Study

color with dashes of gray-blue, the design being ascension lilies. It gives a bright, soft light to the whole room and contrasts pleasantly with the light, yellow-brown furniture. . .

September 6. Mrs. George takes Miss P—— and me to the seminary to-morrow to enter us. I went to the farewell reception given by the church to their pastor, Mr. Mullins, and what a pleasant time I did have seeing all the old friends. They all welcomed me back so kindly. Mrs. George is arranging the schedule for us; we will probably begin real work Monday next.

September 15. Mother's letter came as a ray of sunshine to me this morning, and I consider it as a reward for all my hard study to-day. Since 11 A. M. I have made a digest of all the non-Christian evangelical sources to the Life of Christ, copying quotations on the subject by Josephus, Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny; read through Acts, the Catholic Epistles, and Revelation, selecting all texts bearing on evidence that Christ really lived, classifying these texts under heads, such as "The Witness of John," "The Witness of Peter," etc. Don't you think I deserve a reward like mother's letter? I am in love with all my studies. Theology under Doctor Wood, Jeremiah under Professor Brown, English New Testament under Doctor Hovey, and Life of Christ with Professor Rhees. I don't know what my electives are to be, but I think "History of Missions," "Biblical Geography," and "History of the Atonement." It seems to me now that heretofore I have known hardly anything about the Bible. I am so thankful I can be here for study.

We are now in the midst of the equinoctial gales, and oh, how it rained yesterday and to-day! At first, Mrs. George said we could not go to lectures, but we dressed up so well in short skirts, arctics, gaiters, rubbers, and mackintoshes, that she finally gave in, and off we trudged.

September 24. I have such a heap of good things to tell you this week about sermons and lectures. As I wrote in my last letter, we went into Boston to hear Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford, on "The Influence of the Study of other Religions Upon Christian Theology," but we had to leave before he

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had well begun. There were two others before him, the last of whom, Rev. John Daniel Jones, of Bournemouth, England, was *fin*. . .

He held the people spellbound the whole time. Doctor Fairbairn praised the missionaries in India very highly, their self-sacrifice, their sincere devotion, their earnestness. It did my heart good to hear such hearty words of commendation and praise from the lips of such a man.

I have a nice little window garden started in my room. A couple of tiny, though perfect pine trees, a basket of partridge berry vines, a pot of forget-me-nots, and a pot of ferns.

October 1. It is eleven o'clock and I am just home from a meeting at Lexington where I "addressed" an audience. Elinor went with me and a rich time we had too. We had to wait an hour in the North Union Station and sat directly back of a party of three, of which the gentleman had just come over from Europe, spending *two weeks* there, visiting London, Havre, Versailles, and Paris. He was entertaining the ladies with his experiences. Here are some of his remarks: "All Englishmen wear high hats." "People in England have no frame houses but build them of brick and mortar, consequently *they decay easily*." "Many of the houses are covered with thatch." "There are no day laborers in France, so they all sleep until twelve o'clock." "English people have no soda fountains, so *they have to drink beer*." It was very entertaining.

October 7. We have been in a rush getting the new missionaries off. The farewell meeting was awfully hard for me. I thought if I only could go along with Doctor Coats and be with you all. It seemed almost unbearable to see them all go off and think I couldn't go too. The girls were all so brave and spoke so well, not a breakdown among them.

Dr. Caroline Coats writing of this time, says:

Annie's devoted love for her parents and home friends was well shown the night before I left for Nellore when she sobbed in my arms like a homesick child because she could not come

## A Term of Bible Study

too. How she was prepared by that trying separation for what was awaiting her !

October 12. School is over and we are home again. We had a spirited discussion on the inspiration of the various writers of the Bible and also on miracles. In fact, "miracles" has been the principal theme for several days. Doctor Wood is a fine teacher and is very cautious on the theological questions. His stand is, that a man ought to be *very* sure he is right before he expresses a decided opinion. He says modern thinkers are apt to make rash statements that they have to take back after a short time. He is considered quite orthodox and yet, withal, free when necessary and fair-minded at all times.

Friday. Our class has finally settled the question of miracles. Here is the definition, made up, part by part, phrase by phrase, by various members of the class and finally accepted by all. "A miracle is an event in the experience of men, not explicable by known laws, having a beneficent or moral purpose, attesting a divine message or messenger, and accomplished by the immediate agency of God."

Doctor Wood believes in making us think and has succeeded in getting several unique and interesting ideas from the young men. He wants us all, as we go along, to make our own theology, not accept one word which we cannot understand or believe just because it is in the text-book. . .

Last night I dressed in Telugu costume and talked to the "Farther Lights" about the girls of India. They were so nice to me afterward, nearly all came up to speak to me. I had my book of Indian pictures and a few curios to show them and they were so interested in them. . .

I have written a story for the *King's Messengers*. I took two or three "Christmas *tumashalu* (goings on)" in Nellore, and pieced them together to make a Christmas story. I hope you will like it. I have perhaps added a wee bit of fiction, but it is founded on fact, and in the main is correct. Mrs. George likes the story very much. . .

What a treat I had this mail day, extending, in fact, over two days. Father's letters containing the C. E. photos, yester-

## The Young Missionary

day, also the two letters from the girls, sent by mother, to-day Minnie's letter and the two enclosures from two of my boys. Indeed I felt rich, and every one basked in the light of my smiles (you know they can be pretty broad sometimes), for I beam on every one for quite a while after I receive your letters. Not that I do not smile at other times, you understand, but there must be a difference of some sort, for they all say immediately, "*The Indian mail must be in.*"

I am booked for a woman's basket meeting in Lowell, a children's rally in Providence, and another meeting in Tremont Temple. My Telugu costume is always in requisition, I find it takes better than anything else. I like to speak at these meetings, for I feel somehow as if I were doing at least a little mite for the great work of missions which I love so much; I don't do very well, but then it helps a little bit anyway. . .

We have organized a little informal student volunteer band in the seminary, composed of seven of us who have a definite idea in view, that of going as foreign missionaries. We are to meet every week for prayer and the study of certain topics that will help us; to talk over mission work very informally and get better acquainted with it; also, we are going to try and increase the interest in foreign missions in the institution, which has been rather anti-missionary for the past few years they say. There has been such a change in the attitude of the men this year, about the young ladies. Last year there was so little interest in missions that the sailing of the Haseltine House girls was totally unnoticed by the young men, many of whom did not even know they had sailed. This year quite a number attended the farewell meetings and also the sailing, setting out for the latter as early as six A. M., without their breakfast, for fear they would not be in time if they went on the later train. Many of those who remained behind had a special service of prayer for the out-going-missionaries at nine, the hour of sailing.

### NEWTON'S RALLYING CALL

The voice of them that perish,  
Is borne across the sky,

## A Term of Bible Study

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From out the night it soundeth  
A wild and aimless cry ;  
The voice of brothers dying  
Without the light of day,  
Wake Newton men and fathers  
And send them there, we pray.

Of native land forgetful,  
And well-loved friends at home,  
Oh, send us far, our Father  
That so thy kingdom come.  
We seek not here for pleasure  
And follow not for fame ;  
But that the darkest heathen  
May know his Saviour's name.

Oh, thou majestic Saviour  
In whom all glories shine,  
Baptize the sons of Newton  
With power of life divine ;  
That we to way-worn nations  
Who farthest from thee rove,  
May tell of peace eternal,  
And thine own deathless love.

—S. S. Huse.

October 20. Our examinations for the first term come next week. Monday begins the "cram." Not much of a cram for me, so don't worry, for I don't believe in using myself up with too much study the last days, and then be no good in the examinations. . .

I will finish this letter this P. M., as I have quite a little time to myself. Doctor Chambliss took for his text to-day, "My eyes have seen the land that is far off," or, as he said was the better rendering, "My eyes have seen the land of far distances." . .

November 7. Last night our student volunteer band went into a meeting of the Boston S. V. League and had a fine time. First, one of the members of the league, Mr. Gage, gave the whole league a supper and a good one too. After that, we had a fine meeting on ways and means of influencing young people in regard to foreign missions, in stirring up bands to prayer, to give a tenth, and in stimulating an interest for work in foreign lands. I learned so many bright, new,

## The Young Missionary

interesting methods, and when I learn more I will impart some of them to you, Minnie, for help in Christian Endeavor work in Nellore. I wouldn't have missed the meeting for a good deal, I enjoyed it so. Saturday I spoke at Providence. I enjoyed the children so much and my talk with them. One very sweet young girl came up to me afterwards and thanked me for what I had said, telling me she had a class of boys and my words about my boys in India helped her very much.



STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND AT NEWTON

November 13. I heard something this week that made me, oh, so happy, because it will make you happy too. Doctor Wood told me that I had the *highest* mark in the class in the last theology examination, ahead of the boys too. I was so surprised when he told me that any one could have bowled me over with a goose quill. He said: "You have the honor, Miss Downie, of leading the middle class in theology this term." Doctor Brown also returned my paper on Jeremiah, with "ex-

## A Term of Bible Study

cellent" at the head of it. I am going to try still harder, this term, to do well, for I want you all to be proud of me. That will be my sweetest reward, next to the Saviour's "well done."

Father, I have actually commenced Greek this term: Colossians, with the middle and senior classes. It is decidedly hard and requires a great deal of delving into commentaries. I wish I had access to your library, once in a while, for it is hard for some twenty pupils to all get their lessons out of four or five of the commentaries required.

Wednesday. We had a very pleasant social last evening at the church, given by the ladies as a reception to the faculty and students of the seminary. The students turned out in brave array, and seemed to enjoy themselves very much. I met a lot of students and had a chance of giving three foreign missionary lectures to three different groups of lukewarm embryo preachers. It rouses me so much to see such utter indifference to foreign missions in those who call themselves Christians, that it seems as if I couldn't go without speaking about it. But the evening was not all spent in missionary talk, we had a jolly time all round. . .

We had a delicious lesson on India to-day. One man got up and explained that the dress of a native man consisted of an upper and a lower cloth tied round the waist and hanging in folds to the knee, and the upper cloth thrown over the shoulder and *tied at the waist also*. A woman's costume consisted of a cloth wound round the waist, but he couldn't just see how it was done. Another said that rice was eaten with a kind of sauce called curry. A third said the houses were flat-roofed with a thing projecting out in front called a veranda.

## CHAPTER IX

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING

God's plans for thee are graciously unfolding,  
And leaf by leaf they blossom perfectly,  
As yon fair rose, from its soft unfolding,  
In marvelous beauty opens fragrantly.



THE last letter for the year 1899, from Annie, was dated December thirty-first. She tells of her Christmas :

I had a most lovely Christmas, though I was quite a bit lonely and wanted "my folks." Every one though was very kind and made me quite one of the family. I had such a lot of presents, every one seemed so kind in remembering me. The night before Christmas we arranged all the gifts for the family in the parlor on the table. After breakfast we all went in there and after prayers standing around the table we each in turn shut our eyes and took a parcel from the pile. Then it was handed to the owner, opened and enjoyed by all.

Annie had ten presents in that pile and writes :

All the week presents have been coming in, so I feel as if I had had a whole week of Christmas. . . 10.30 P. M. You are all probably keeping watch night in India and I am going to watch with you to-night. I will write until about 11 o'clock and then begin my watch—all alone and yet not alone either. It seems rather solemn to be watching with no one else here.

We had not planned returning to America until





THE DOWNIE FAMILY IN 1901



## An Unexpected Meeting

1901, but circumstances seemed to demand that our furlough should be taken earlier. The Rev. W. L. Ferguson was the best available man to take up the double work of missionary and mission treasurer, and as he intended taking his furlough the next year, it was decided that we return in 1900. When Annie heard the news she wrote :

Won't it be jolly to have you come and we all be together once more? When I heard the news I jumped all around I was so happy. . . It seems hardly possible that I will see you so soon. I have to say it over and over to myself to make it seem true. . .

School is well under way now. Doctor Wood told us the general results of our theology examination on Thursday. Miss B——, Miss F——, and I did better than any of the young men he said. And he said also that if we could have written better papers than we did, he would like to see them, but he thought that was hardly possible; that the ones handed in were as nearly perfect as examination papers could be. The boys took it very nicely and clapped us. I am so glad I can hand in a good record for your sakes; you have been so good to me, that the very best I can do to pay you will be none too good. I have to work hard to keep up, for the girls here are all bright and scholarly, have fine minds, and work hard.

We reached New York at the opening of the Ecumenical Conference, and as the Hasseltine House young ladies were permitted to attend the great meeting, we met Annie there, at the home of our friends, Professor and Mrs. Bickmore. It was a great joy to find her looking well and full of enthusiasm over the double pleasure of our return and the meetings.

## The Young Missionary

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Before Annie left Newton Centre for Belmar, where we spent the summer, the Woman's Board showed their appreciation of what she had done during the year, by inviting her to spend another year at Hasseltine House, to fit herself more thoroughly for future work. Annie was anxious to get to the foreign field where her heart was, but she realized that it would be better for her to stay another year in America and go back with us, so she gratefully accepted the invitation particularly as the Board kindly voted two hundred dollars toward her expenses, thus paving the way for an acceptance.

The second year at Hasseltine House passed much as the first, except that there were other companions and advanced studies. She began Hebrew, a study she very much enjoyed. It was never any trouble for her to study languages and she undertook Hebrew to help her in the study of Hindustani after her return to India and also as an aid to translation and other literary work.

While busy with her studies she still found time to make missionary addresses, here and there, which were always well received. A lady of West Newton writes :

Dear Annie was with us at our meeting last May, and the girls will never forget her earnest, helpful words. She was so filled with the love of Christ and so sweetly unselfish in her willingness to serve him. To have known her even a little was a blessing and an inspiration.

## An Unexpected Meeting

In April, at the women's annual meeting, at Hartford, Conn., she was presented as one of the candidates for the foreign field, and no one present, who knew her, will ever forget the words she spoke at that time. She had been passing through one of the seasons of doubt and distress that often come to God's children, a time when the soul gropes after God as the foundations of belief seem shattered and tottering, and she spoke of what she had suffered and how she had come into a stronger, purer light. She mentioned the five windows of the Newton Centre Church, each with a separate inscription. The last one was dark, but when it was deciphered there was the old Commission: "Go ye into all the world and disciple all nations." She told how it had seemed to come to her with fresh force as if direct from God.

Many have spoken of that talk and of her looks at the time. One friend writes:

I shall never forget the impression she made upon me in her address at Hartford. It really seemed as though her face and voice were illumined with the divine light. I have heard many speak of it in the same way.

A mission worker in Washington also testifies:

I shall always rejoice that I met her in Hartford last April, and that I heard her tell of the five windows with her face all aglow.

Just before ending her second year of Bible

## The Young Missionary

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study she appeared before the executive committee of the Missionary Union and was accepted as a missionary of the Woman's Board. Doctor King, chairman of the committee, says: "How well do I remember Annie when she appeared before the executive committee, so bright, so winning, so full of hope and promise," while Doctor Mabie, our Home Secretary, writes still more strongly:

My admiration for this dear girl became very great in connection with the time she spent at Hasseltine House. Her appearance before our executive committee and the manner in which she narrated the exercises of her mind which had led her up, stage by stage, to the point of giving herself to mission service, was one of the most touching we have ever heard given. She was intellectually so bright, her countenance was uncommonly radiant, and we hoped for her an efficient and blessed service in India

In June, 1901, her connection with Hasseltine House ceased. She regretted leaving the place that had been a real home to her for two years, and she loved Mrs. George who had been like a mother to her when her own mother was far away.

As to her influence in the House, Mrs. George says:

She was a ray of sunlight always. Was there an errand to be done her ready feet had accomplished it while the echoes of the wish were dying away. Was any one ill, her hands ministered comfort. Was there a birthday, some delightful surprise was sure to celebrate the event. Was any one lonely or homesick, some way was found to lighten the depression,

## An Unexpected Meeting

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During these two years, I cannot recall a hasty or unkind word. Truly she walked with God. She excelled in her studies and loving study for its own sake, she loved it doubly because it would fit her for richer service.

When the seminary commencement exercises were over it seemed wise that Annie should go somewhere for a quiet rest. She decided to go to Nova Scotia and visit Mrs. Burditt, a dear friend and former co-laborer of ours in India. She had known Annie as a child, and looked forward to her coming as bringing her again in touch with the old home and work in the Telugu mission. She had laid her husband's body away in an Indian grave, and had been for many years in Nova Scotia educating her five children. Of Annie's stay with them she says :

Annie endeared herself to many here. Her earnest words in behalf of the women and children of India will not soon be forgotten. And socially, with our young people, she left the impression of unusual brightness and sweetness of character. In our own home she left a fragrance that will never leave us. We are so glad she was able to be with us those few weeks.

Several of the Hasseltine House young ladies had arranged for tenting together at Northfield, so as to enjoy the July meetings together. Here Annie received a great blessing which resulted in greater consecration. She thus wrote home about it :

In tent, Northfield, July 19, 1901. These have been such busy days and yet such happy days for me. I have had

## The Young Missionary

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hardly a minute in which to sit down and write letters, but I haven't forgotten you all. I am so glad I came here. The meetings have meant so much to me, and my life has been deepened and broadened and transformed far more than I can say. I feel as if my life heretofore has been so shallow, so lacking in many ways, that I do not wonder I have had so little influence for good among those around me. I have had so many besetting sins, mother dear, pride and selfishness, deception and disobedience which always follow in the wake of the first two, that I sometimes wonder why God should have called me, who am so unworthy, to be his ambassador. These meetings have shown me so clearly the awfulness of sin in a life, and the far-reaches of influence, so that now I see clearly my spiritual life henceforth must be deeper and fuller, and I want your prayers, mother, dear. My heart is just singing now that I know these things, and I am so glad that I am going out to his work, and I pray that I may be made worthy and meet for his service.

From Northfield she visited relatives and friends in New York and Pennsylvania, and made some necessary preparations for her departure in August. Of the other two girls, Alice had graduated from the Normal School in West Chester and was to accompany us to India, while Minnie had entered the Connecticut training school in the New Haven Hospital. She was looking forward to completing her course, spend a year at Hasseltine House in Bible study, and then return to India for work in one of the mission hospitals. It was hard, very hard for her to be left behind.

Not a tie is broken, not a hope laid low,  
Not a farewell spoken, but our God doth know ;



## An Unexpected Meeting

Every hair is numbered, every tear is weighed,  
In the changeless balance wisest love has made.

Power eternal resteth in his changeless hand ;  
Love immortal hasteth swift at his command,  
Faith can firmly trust him in the darkest hour,  
For the key it holdeth, to his love and power.



## CHAPTER X

### A SECOND TERM OF SERVICE

Among the lives that I have known,  
None I remember more serene and sweet,  
More rounded in itself and more complete.



THE summer days passed all too quickly, and once more we found ourselves in New York, our trunks packed and ready for another sailing. Early on the morning of August 10, 1901, we went to the ship accompanied by our kind friends, the Bickmores. They had seen us sail in 1893 and also in 1884.

Our passage was taken on the "Marquette," of the Transport Line. It was a cattle steamer, but was selected for its *slowness* and steadiness, and because we did not care to cross the ocean too quickly. The steamer sailed very early in the morning, but Annie was much pleased at the presence of some "Farther Lights" girls from Riverside, New York, who came with beautiful flowers for her, and a big wonder bag containing some surprise for each day of the voyage.

The last farewells were said, some pretty pictures taken, and the good ship slowly left the dock and

## A Second Term of Service

steamed down the bay. When we were fairly afloat, we went to our staterooms to get them in order, and found them full to overflowing with boxes and parcels left by our friends. We could fully echo dear Annie's exclamation: "Isn't God good to give us friends!" The loving thoughts expressed by the gifts and in the many letters awaiting us quite took away the edge of our grief.

There were some very nice people among the passengers and we made some pleasant acquaintances. In the case of a Western professor and his wife a friendship was formed that bids fair to be a lasting one. They were on their way to Oxford for a year's study. Both took quite a fancy to Annie and all had some nice times together on the steamer and afterward in London.

On the second Sunday some of the passengers asked for a talk on the Telugu work and seemed much interested. At the end Annie sung a couple of sweet Telugu hymns, and before singing, described the hymns and by whom sang, in a sweet, winning way, and so impressed one lady that she gave her a small contribution for her special work. During the voyage she had quiet talks with one and another impressing herself upon them in a way they could never forget.

We reached London on the twelfth day and were soon in pleasant quarters in Torrington Square. As kind friends had again made it possible for us

## The Young Missionary

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to do some traveling we did not tarry long in England, but arranging to join our next steamer at Marseilles, we went for a little visit to Paris and other noted places on the continent.

It was a pleasure to us to note Annie's enjoyment, as we visited places that had been familiar to her from reading and pictures, but which she had never expected to see. We had a short stay in Switzerland and the Alps appealed most of all to her. She had always loved mountain scenery, and now said she would enjoy a walking tour through the Alps and might take one in one of her vacations.

We reached Marseilles in time for the "Cheshire" of the Bibby Line and were much pleased to find several of our Burma missionaries on board. Doctor and Mrs. Eveleth, of the Theological Seminary at Insein, Miss Haswell, of Amherst, with her adopted daughter, and a Miss Ragon, a new appointee of the Western Board. There were other missionaries on their way to India also, and we all formed a company to ourselves. We generally occupied the hurricane deck, and as there were moonlight nights we had some delightful evenings. One of the party said of Annie that she was a sweet girl and one could not help seeing often what an unselfish spirit she had, and that her hopes and plans for service were so joyful.

Disembarking at Colombo, we took the steamer

## A Second Term of Service

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across to Tuticorin and suffered more inconvenience that one night than on both the preceding voyages. There had been a cyclonic storm on the Bay of Bengal, and its effects were felt on the narrow strip of water we had to cross. The steamer pitched and tossed, shipping great waves. Annie, though, was one of the two ladies who ventured down to dinner, thereby winning great praise from the captain.

From Tuticorin there was a day and night journey to Madras. We saw "Trichinopoly Rock" as we passed along and caught glimpses of the bay, which relieved the tedium of the journey.

In Madras we were warmly welcomed by the missionaries and other friends, but only stayed there a couple of days, as we were anxious to reach home. A ride of seven hours on the new East Coast Road brought us, *at last*, to dear old Nellore on the afternoon of October 11. Annie's letter to the "Helping Hand" tells of our reception:

In the evening we had a reception tendered to us on the veranda of the bungalow. All the school children were present and a crowd of the Christian men and women. There is a society newly formed in Nellore by some Brahmin lads, called the Victoria Literary Society. Well, on the veranda among our Christians and school children, was a goodly representation from this august body who had come to give us a welcome. The speech presented by Veerasesvamy was characteristic. Then the Victorians read an address of welcome, in which they requested "Rev. D. Downie and Mrs. and Miss Downie" to become honorary members of the

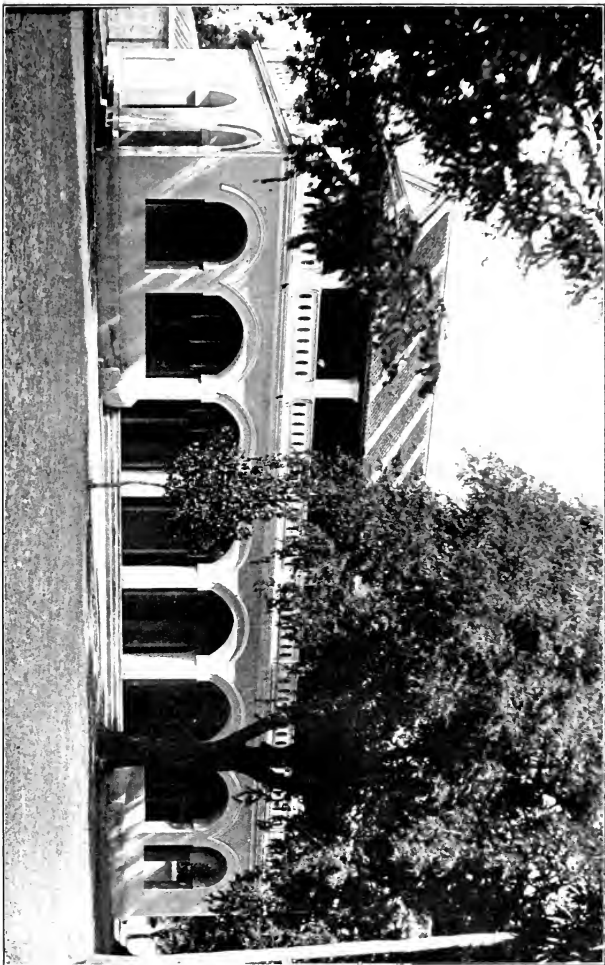
## The Young Missionary

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society. Before we had reached Nellore it seems that they elected father president of the society, and in the address they took it for granted that he would accept the honor, and addressed him by the title. We were so glad of this interest, and we do hope that we can get some sort of hold on these boys and be able to help them some. Hitherto the upper classes have been inclined to hold aloof from the missionaries. A heavy garland of red and white flowers was put around the neck of each of us, and we were presented with little balls of flowers to hold in our hands, and were freely sprinkled with Oriental rose water and after the reception there was a short display of fireworks.

Annie spoke very sweetly in response to her address, telling how glad she was to be back, and how she hoped to be used of God in helping them all.

One week was spent in unpacking and getting settled, when we took over charge of the work from the Fergusons, who had faithfully held the fort during our absence. Annie took the Bible women from Miss Wagner, and at once began her work among them. She was not hampered by the want of the language, as new missionaries usually are, yet she began reading with the Munshi all the same, as she felt she had lost much of her Telugu during her two years at home. She also began the study of Hindustani, for the houses of the Mohammedans were opening to the workers and she felt anxious to speak to the women in their own language. Being Purdah women few of them know Telugu.



NELLORE GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL.





## A Second Term of Service

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Before the second week was ended she had started Bible lessons with the workers and had visited all the zenanas where regular lessons were being taught. We began to fear that she was attempting too much, and by our advice she relinquished the Telugu reading for a time.

The northeast monsoon broke toward the end of October, and the heavy rain caused much washing out of congested drains and brought much sickness into the closely built parts of the town. But Annie continued her visits to the houses not thinking of the danger she was in.

Before coming to India she had promised to meet in Madras the two young ladies designated to Nellore, and looked forward with joyous anticipation to their coming. She went to Madras early in November, but as the vessel was somewhat delayed, she spent the time while waiting in doing some shopping, buying her furniture and some things necessary for touring. She was out in the rain a good deal and contracted a severe cold.

When the incoming missionaries reached Madras, there was more shopping to do before the party could leave for Nellore. Finally, the start was made and the Nellore party came, bringing with them Doctor Levering, her sister, Miss Faye, and Miss Lizzie Kurtz, all bound for Secunderabad in the Deccan.

There was so much excitement receiving the

## The Young Missionary

missionaries and enjoying their companionship, that we did not perhaps realize that Annie's cold was as bad as it really was. She took simple remedies and made light of it herself. After the Deccan party left us we had a visit from Dr. W.

W. Keen, of Philadelphia, who with his two daughters, was making a trip around the world. Annie was particularly bright while they were in Nellore. She took the young ladies to visit several of the zenanas and showed them all that could be shown of her work in the short time at their disposal.

One of the new lady missionaries was Miss Katherine Gerow, who had been Annie's special

friend during her second year at Hasseltine House. The two roomed together here in a small bungalow connected with the large house by a covered portico. They fixed up their rooms very prettily and looked forward to spending a year together before Miss Gerow removed to the hospital compound where her work was to be. Late in Novem-



HINDU GIRLS

## A Second Term of Service

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ber, Miss Gerow noticed that Annie had a high temperature and insisted on her going at once to bed. The doctor was called in and in a few days symptoms of typhoid appeared. Then only did we learn that enteric had been raging in Madras, and was bad around the place where she had been staying. She had somehow taken germs into her system which could not be thrown off in her weakened condition.

As Miss Gerow was a trained nurse she took charge of Annie through her illness, and was very faithful to her trust. The fever was of a mild type and no special danger was anticipated. She suffered no pain, was clear-headed and considered staying in bed rather a joke than otherwise.

Suddenly, on the evening of the tenth day, she was seized with a sudden sharp pain, peritonitis set in, for two days she suffered greatly, and then—"was not, for God took her." Her second term of service was ended in less than two months.

God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,  
Looked on us all, and loving her the most  
Straightway relieved her from life's weary load.

## CHAPTER XI

### A TRANSLATION

For he knows best  
Who takes the young ones in his arms  
Before the sun sinks to the west.

**W**HEN we realized on the never-to-be-forgotten evening of December 7, that nothing could save our darling, that she was sinking fast, her mother went to her bedside and said: "Annie dear, we have done the best we could, but ——" Here courage gave way and leaning her head on the dying girl she burst into tears. Annie threw both arms round her mother saying, "Why, dearie, what is the matter?" Then turning to Alice she said in distress, "What is it?" Controlling herself by a violent effort, her mother told her she was very ill, that they had done all for her they could, but the Lord was calling her. She seemed surprised and said: "Why, is there any danger?" She was told there was and she would soon be with her Lord. She lay quiet for a moment, and then said very sweetly, "It's all right, mother, I am ready to go." After that her thought seemed to be to comfort us. She said: "Katharine will be

## A Translation

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a daughter to you, mother, and you have two beautiful girls left. Alice pressed her hand and she said: "Dear little Picky," her favorite name for her youngest sister. When her father came into the room she said: "I'm ready to go, father, but I hope to stay with you a little while longer." All through her illness she had been specially anxious that he should not feel troubled, and every time he came into the room she would smile and say, "I'm all right, father." Her father said: "My dear girl, you have been a very good daughter to us and a good Christian too." She smiled sweetly and said: "Those are sweet words, father." Then suddenly her face became radiant, she opened her eyes wide and gazed straight ahead saying in a clear voice: "Oh, the beautiful city! The beautiful city! I am going to the city!" Her father asked her if she could see her Saviour. In a far-away voice with her eyes closed she answered: "Yes. He is calling me." Just here the young ladies came in and the eight of us surrounded her bed. As they came in, the stir of their entrance roused her and she said to her friend: "Katharine, be good to mother." Then again her face became radiant and her eyes were fixed on the distance, and a second time she called out: "Oh, the beautiful city! How beautiful! I see the light of it!" Then throwing one arm around her friend, she said: "Won't you come too,

## The Young Missionary

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Katharine, come with me to the city?" Then she recited in a clear voice those beautiful words of our Lord: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go——" here she stopped. Some one prompted her but it was too late, the sands of time had almost run through for her and those were the last words she uttered, though twice afterward we could see by the moving of her lips that she tried to say something more. She breathed more and more heavily, then at greater intervals until the fluttering heart ceased and she entered the portals of the beautiful city and saw the King.

Her friend and old-time Greek scholar, Subbiah, pastor of the Nellore church, was in the room and made an earnest prayer, pouring out his soul to God to help all in this time of trial. There was a hush over everything after he had finished. All had been taken up to the very gates of heaven, while that sanctified spirit was entering and there was no room for obtrusive grief.

It was nine-thirty Saturday night when the spirit went home to God. Misses Gerow, Robertson, Tencate, and MacLaurin, all Hasseltine House girls, did what was needful and robed the body for burial, touching it with loving hands. The burial was appointed for the next afternoon. Dr. Boggs and Rev. J. Heinrichs came from Ramapa-

## A Translation

tam, Rev. W. S. and Mrs. Davis from Allur to help in the services.

Sunday was a very wet day, but early in the morning the native Christians began to come, to see the one they loved so much, the one from



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whom they had expected a much longer service. There was a hush even over them, a very unusual thing with Orientals, whose grief is generally very noisy.

At five o'clock we had an English service just for the twelve of us, Doctor Boggs speaking most

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beautifully and feelingly. He had known Annie as a child and always loved her. Mr. Heinrichs made an earnest prayer, and then we took a last earthly farewell of our dear one. She was so beautiful in death. The loving hands of her sisters had robed her in a pretty Swiss muslin dress that she had made herself for the stay in Madras, little thinking it would be her shroud. A bunch of white flowers and maiden-hair fern was on her left shoulder, while trailing sprays of the sweet smelling cork tree blossoms were down her dress and around the sides of the coffin. As one present remarked, there was a look of perfect peace and happiness upon her face. To her

Glad news was sent  
From the far country of her banishment.  
Who came from that far land,  
The happy news to tell  
There sealed those loving lips  
To keep the secret well.

After the English service was ended, the young men who had known her in childhood carried her over to the church, where a large congregation of Christians and heathen was assembled. It seemed as if the heathen of the two hamlets near the mission compound had turned out *en masse* to honor one they had known so long. Many of them had heard the gospel story from her lips more than once.



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There was a touching service in Telugu lasting quite awhile and then all filed past the coffin to take a last look at the lovely form lying there.

Two weeks before Annie was taken ill, her parents were walking around the compound one Sunday afternoon, as was often their custom. Reaching the cluster of graves the father said: "While I would never have chosen this as a burial ground, it is here and must stay. I think we had better wall it round, put a gate to it, and fix it up nicely with walks and plants." Then he added: "If any of our family should be taken, we will be buried here." How little he thought that even then the death angel was hovering over the bungalow, and the one to be taken first was the dearly loved eldest daughter!

Alas! for the life of promise  
Quenched in its brightest glow;  
Alas! for the young standard-bearer  
Who yonder lieth low.  
The church on earth bewails her,  
But up above the sky,  
The church triumphant welcomes her  
With songs of victory.

## CHAPTER XII

### A RETROSPECT

Drop thy still dews of quietness  
'Till all our strivings cease,  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of thy peace.

—Whittier.



AS we have read and re-read the hundreds of beautiful letters that came to us after our dear daughter's call away, this verse has been much in our mind: "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God" (2 Cor. 1 : 4).

It has been a real grief that we could not reproduce these comforting words sent us, but, dwelling upon the comfort that comes from even attempting to comfort others, we have learned some valuable lessons that we desire to pass on to others who may be sorrowing even as we sorrowed. We quote in full a beautiful poem sent us, that all our readers may get from it the same lesson that we did:

## A Retrospect

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### RECOMPENSE

Straight to my heart this fact to-day  
By truth's own hand is driven,  
God never takes one thing away  
But something else is given.

I did not know, in earlier years,  
This law of love and kindness,  
But without hope, through bitter tears,  
I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

And ever following each regret  
For some departed treasure,  
My sad repining heart was met  
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so—  
But time this truth has taught me,  
No least thing from my life can go,  
But something else is brought me.

It is the law, complete, sublime,  
And now with faith unshaken,  
In patience I but bide my time  
When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow  
May for the moment down me,  
Still back of it waits Love, I know,  
With some new gift to crown me.

As soon as the meaning of the poem had fully entered our mind, there came the question: "What recompense has God given us?" It did not take long pondering to realize that we had been given *an abiding sense of the nearness of God*. When in 1888 our Father took to himself our dear Elsie,

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we had this sense of the abiding presence, and it has never left us during the fourteen years that have intervened. But when Annie was taken, a blooming flower where Elsie was only a bud, God measured out his favors with a kindly hand. He kept our darling from suffering that might have torn our hearts with anguish, and he made her dying bed so glorious with that wonderful vision of the holy city, that we could almost hear the rustle of the angels' wings as they bore her spirit away. Can we ever doubt there is a heavenly city, after the manifestation of it to our clear-headed, keen-eyed daughter? There was given to us *a fresh sense of what the word "friend" means.* As soon as the news of our sorrow reached our friends here and in America, hundreds of pens were moved to send us the loving sympathy of those who sorrowed with us and truly mourned the loss of the young standard bearer. Many of the letters came from the depths of anguished hearts, written by those who were themselves in the shadows, and nearly all were full of assurance of prayer for us and the work. Could we, dared we mourn, in the presence of all those ascending prayers? The sting of our grief was taken away—the prayers of our friends brought us peace, the peace that passeth understanding. With dear Annie we cry, "Isn't God good to give us friends?"

There has been given us *a great sympathy for*

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*those whose loved ones have been taken away.* Some sorrow with hope, but many without hope. Oh, the desolation of those who never expect to see their dear ones again! In this town of Nellore, there is a heathen mother who laid away a dearly loved daughter. Several years have passed away, but her grief is as bitter as at first. She



HER RESTING-PLACE

has no hope. Her child has gone, she will never see her again. Our hearts bleed for that mother, and we long to give her the comfort we have, but she understands it not. So there are everywhere hearts bowed down, almost crushed under a weight of woe, and there is no peace.

There has been given to us *a great desire to help those who mourn without hope.* When we

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go now to those bowed with grief and say “*our* Saviour binds up the broken hearts and comforts mourning souls, we know, because we have experienced it,” our words are fuller of meaning and more assuring because back of them lies our knowledge—we assure them it is so, because *we know*.

But all these recompenses were in our own hearts and hidden from outside gaze. There was one, however, which was swift and apparent to all. A faithful worker in God’s vineyard had been cut off and her work was left. For one month earnest prayers went up that the dear Lord would fill the vacancy that the work might not suffer.

During that month a letter was speeding its way, and when Annie’s dearly loved sister in the New Haven Hospital read of the loss that had come to her, as well as to us, one great desire took possession of her to return to India at once, to comfort her parents and take up the work her sister had been obliged to lay down. Her own ambitions and plans were given up, and it was wonderful how God smoothed away all difficulties and enabled her to sail within three days. It was one of the “all things” too, that a lady was going from New York straight to Madras and that she could have company all the long journey. In less than three months after Annie went, Minnie was here, at work, and we were once more together as

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a family, with the two glorified ones nearer perhaps than we realized. The couplet,

God never takes one thing away  
But something else is given,

thus came to mean a great deal to us, and our hearts are at rest, waiting to see the further workings of the will of God.

It was not a sombre, gloomy life that Annie Downie led; she enjoyed to the full every good time that came to her, and while she had neither time nor inclination for doubtful pleasures, those which as a Christian she felt she could not indulge in, yet she was always ready for an outdoor game and was the life of many an indoor party. If the question had been asked her, as she hovered between earth and heaven, as to her life as a child and as a young girl, we are sure she would have said, "Oh, I have had such a happy life!"

### THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Sometimes when the day is ended  
And its round of duties done,  
I watch at the western windows  
The gleam of the setting sun.  
When my heart has been unquiet  
And its longings unbeguiled  
By the day's vexatious trials  
And cannot be reconciled,  
I look on the slope of the mountains  
And o'er the restless sea,

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And I think of the beautiful city  
That lieth not far from me,  
And my spirit is hushed in a moment  
As the twilight falls tender and sweet,  
And I cross, in my fancy, the river  
And kneel at the Master's feet.  
And I rest in the shade that falleth  
From the trees that with healing are rife,  
That shadow the banks of the river,  
The river of water of life.  
And sometime when the day is ended  
And the duties he gave me are done,  
I shall watch at life's western windows  
The gleam of the setting sun.  
I shall fall asleep in the twilight  
As I never have slept before,  
To dream of the beautiful city  
Till I waken to sleep no more.  
There will fall on my restless spirit  
A hush, oh, so wondrously sweet !  
And I shall cross over the river  
To rest at the Master's feet.











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